CHATELAINE

SPRING FASHION ISSUE

How to Sidestep
The Four Crises in Marriage

The Love Affair Every Child Has

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE • MARCH 1951 • FIFTEEN CENTS

"Oh, Mommy, this is good!"

MARGENE

The Secret of Flavour is Freshness

- MARGENE is *sweet and fresh.* It is the brand of margarine children prefer.
- They like it on bread, toast, or griddle cakes.
- MARGENE enriches hot vegetables, cream soups and all your baking.

When you buy margarine, be sure it's MARGENE.

A PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS

TESTED AND APPROVED BY Chatelaine Institute MAINTAINED BY CHATELAINE MAGAZINE

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The back-breaking job of polishing floors by hand or with a clumsy, weighted brush is a thing of the past! The G-E Floor Polisher with counter-rotating brushes does a speedy, gleaming job on hardwood, linoleum, and tile floors . . . right up to the baseboard, deep into corners, and close to furniture. All you do is guide it over your floors and the two, fast-moving brushes do all the work. Ask your G-E dealer to demonstrate this great new polisher.

GENERAL ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER

Easy to *USE*

Because the two brushes rotate in opposite directions one exactly counterbalances the other. Eliminates tendency to "run away" which is common in single brush machines.

Light to carry

Weighing 16 pounds, it is light enough to be carried easily from room to room . . . yet heavy enough to do a lovely polishing job.

Gets in corners

As the brushes rotate they flare out making it possible to polish deep into corners and close to baseboards, heavy furniture and rugs.

Snap-on brushes and buffing pads

Polishing brushes have finger pull attachments for easy removal . . . lamb's wool buffing pads that snap on to brushes—give that final high-gloss finish.

$64.50

Complete with 2 polishing brushes and 2 lamb's wool buffing pads.

Price subject to change without notice.

Here's why the G-E POLISHER *is so quick*

Two 5½-inch brushes are flat on the floor and the full weight of the machine — 16 pounds—is on the brushes. An electric motor eliminates all the back-breaking labour by whirling the bristles over the floor at 600 revolutions per minute.

This rapid rotation of the bristles with 16 pounds weight on them makes floors gleam in a hurry.

You just *guide*... *it does* all the work

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED
Head Office: Toronto — Sales Offices from Coast to Coast

EVEN YOUNGSTERS know how often the ordinary sore throat due to colds yields to Listerine Antiseptic. They have learned it from their parents, from their doctor, and from actual experience. Listerine's absence from the bathroom shelf is viewed—and wisely so—as a major oversight on somebody's part.

So often sore throat is but the symptom of an oncoming cold. The bacteria associated with colds can multiply on throat surfaces, irritate them temporarily, then pass upward into the nose, or downward into the bronchial tubes.

Often prompt and regular gargling with Listerine Antiseptic will alleviate the sore throat and even help head off a cold. In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks the bacteria on throat surfaces before they attack you.

Attacks Germs Quickly

Tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle—and up to 80% one hour after. Furthermore, research has shown that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day caught fewer colds, and generally *less severe* colds, than those who did not gargle with it.

So, no matter what else you do, at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic—a safe way with no undesirable side-effects.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) LTD.
(Made in Canada)

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*Quick!*

"If I were ever in difficulty or distress of any sort, of all the women in the world, I'd go to Queen Mary. One of the greatest women of our time."

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THE LITTLE PRINCESSES

Tells the intimate story of

Queen Mary

AND

OUR ROYAL FAMILY

Here is the intensely human story of the royal family, as seen by Queen Mary, the woman whose hands controlled the destiny of her family and her nation, lovingly told by "Crawfie", author of last year's best seller.

To be featured in Chatelaine in five installments beginning in April.

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GOOD DENTAL HEALTH

Dental authorities estimate that 98 per cent of our population suffer from some degree of tooth decay. Furthermore, dentists agree that the condition of the teeth and gums often has a direct effect upon general physical condition.

This is because the teeth are connected to other parts of the body through blood vessels, nerves, and tissues. Thus, infection in the teeth, if not checked, may spread throughout the system.

The maintenance of good dental health may help to prevent loss of teeth, and also to keep all-around health at a high level. Below are some safeguards most dentists recommend to help protect teeth and gums.

Protect the first teeth

By keeping the child's first teeth clean and free of decay, there is less likelihood of losing them prematurely and a better chance that permanent teeth will develop normally.

Authorities recommend periodic examinations beginning at age three. Sodium fluoride treatments, which help teeth resist decay, may also be given by your dentist.

Guard against teen-age decay

It is estimated that 95 out of every 100 high school children have some tooth decay. During teen years, teeth seem to be especially susceptible to cavities and eating too many sweets may contribute further to this condition.

Proper diet and regular dental care during these years may help to assure good dental and physical health throughout life.

Eat enough tooth-building foods

A diet rich in vitamins and minerals is one of the most important factors in building and maintaining sound teeth at all ages.

These elements are supplied by milk, meat, eggs, vegetables and fruits, bread and cereals, and fish liver oils. In addition, vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods helps keep teeth and gums healthy.

Keep the teeth clean

The acids which cause decay are formed in the mouth soon after eating. Thus, to get the full benefit of the toothbrush, it should be used *after meals and especially before retiring.*

The dentist will be glad to advise you about the proper methods of keeping teeth clean.

Help protect the gums

Gum diseases affect about 80 per cent of the adult population. Frequently, such conditions are brought on by deposits of tartar which irritate the gums, and the infection may spread to other parts of the body.

By having the dentist treat infected gums early, it is usually possible to cure them and to prevent the spread of infection.

Visit the dentist regularly

Today, modern dental science has developed new measures to combat decay and has introduced improved methods to help control pain and infection.

Periodic visits to the dentist for cleansings, examinations, and necessary treatment are the best safeguards against serious conditions which may affect the teeth and the mouth.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 31-L, "For Good Teeth."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Prov. .....

for Creamed Salmon

So Quick and Easy to Fix

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ½ cup water
1 flat can (half-pound size) canned salmon

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Stir in flour and salt; cook 1 minute, remove from heat and add ½ cup diluted Carnation Milk, blend carefully until all lumps are gone. Add remaining milk and return to heat, stirring constantly until sauce thickens and boils. Add salmon and serve immediately over freshly made toast. Serves 4 to 6.

For Plain or "Fancy" Cooking —use the Milk that Whips!

CARNATION MILK is *double-rich* milk — concentrated to the consistency of cream. So it's perfect for your fanciest "company" desserts, as well as all regular milk purposes!

IF YOUR RECIPE SAYS "MILK", just use Carnation diluted with an equal amount of water. This way you have homogenized, heat-refined milk with all of good milk's food values, and extra creamy-smoothness.

USE IT LIKE CREAM . . . for whipped toppings, on fruits, cereals, puddings . . . in most recipes calling for costly cream. Millions *prefer* undiluted Carnation to cream for their coffee, too.

"from Contented Cows"

HEAR TONY MARTIN, cinema star of Carnation's "Contented Hour" — with Jo Stafford, every Sunday evening on the Dominion Network. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE: "The Velvet Blend Book" of thirty recipes — illustrated. Write to Carnation Co. Limited, Dept. 51, Toronto, Vancouver or St. John's, Nfld.

Carnation Whips Up a New Dessert

6 peach halves (canned or preserved)
⅔ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
3 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Mash peaches. Pour Carnation Milk into freezing tray of refrigerator and chill ice cold. Turn into chilled bowl and whip stiff. Beat in sugar, lemon juice and rind. Fold peaches into whipped mixture. May be served immediately or chilled in refrigerator for 10 to 20 minutes. Serves 4.

or Peach Whip

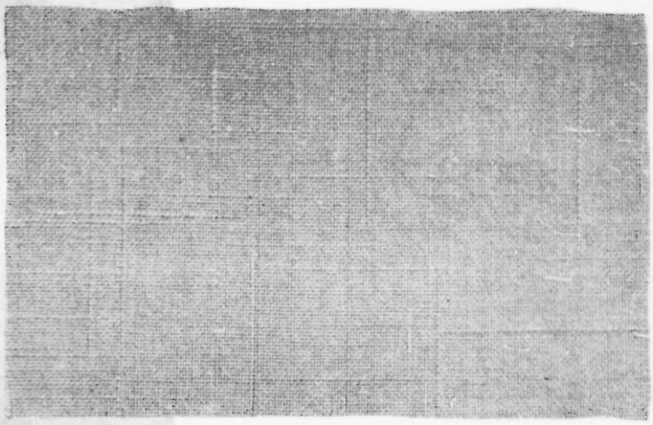
BY RITA GREENE

THE VOICE AND I

Let's tune in on the Lorne Greenes. What's it like to be married to Canada's top radio announcer? "Fine," says his wife, "if you can time your family living to the tick of the studio clock"

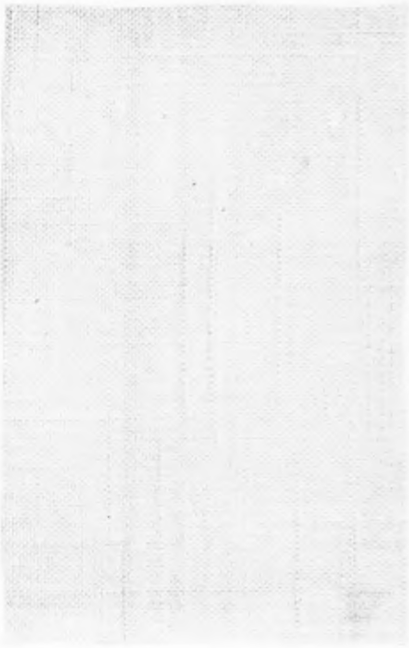
We live in that glamorous world of make-believe, radio! Glamorous, perhaps, to those who know only the finished product, the thrill of a performance well done. But in that world of make-believe there are the forgotten problems of a life lived in between "shows," leisure time squeezed into the pattern of rehearsals, recordings, conferences and auditions; irregular meals, sleepless nights, and the demands of time.

Time is the big thing in radio. It's something you must always be aware of, and yet it's something you never have enough of, because you only get it in little pieces. Everything must always be "on" time, so much so that in their private lives, radio people are almost invariably late. Few social gatherings, large or small, break up before the early hours of the morning since the guests come after their last program whenever it may be. At the first party I had for my husband's coworkers, the guests began to arrive around 10.30 and were still trickling in well after + *Continued on page 67*



A TOOTAL* FABRIC–LYSTAV*

TOOTAL* LYSTAV* marked Tebilized* for tested crease resistance. A rich-textured washable rayon that looks like linen. At all better stores across Canada. $1.49 yd. For free fabric swatches write Dept. 5B, Broadhurst Lee Co. Ltd., 645 Craig Street West, Montreal, Quebec.



Basis for your spring and summer wardrobe, this fine English rayon from the famous house of Tootal. Cool, delightfully easy to sew, and with a superfine crease-resistance that lasts the fabric's life-time. See it in brilliant prints, in breath-takingly lovely plain colours.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE. All goods bearing the Registered Trademark TOOTAL are guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootal will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up.

*Registered Trademarks

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Rust-proof Anaconda Copper Tubes assembled with solder-type fittings cost about the same as rustable pipe, but give you: (1) a constant flow of rust-free water; (2) absence from leaks caused by rust; (3) a plumbing system that will last far longer and give top satisfaction. Ask your plumber too, about a hot water tank of Anaconda's rustless Everdur* Metal. Anaconda American Brass Limited. Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ontario. Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg. Anaconda —since 1922 Headquarters in Canada for Copper and Brass.

*Trade Mark Reg'd.

ANACONDA Copper and Brass

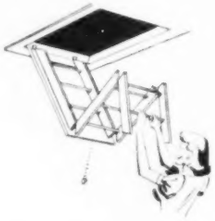
Anaconda Copper & Brass

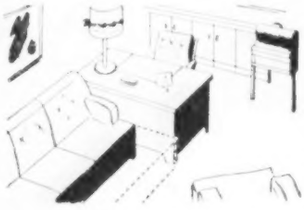
LET ANACONDA HELP WHEN YOU BUY OR BUILD

Your Enduring Home

Here are some of the 72 building hints in our handy new reference book "How to Build a Better Home". We sincerely hope they will help you to get the most out of the biggest investment you may ever make.

30. Storage of bulky items presents a problem, notably in basementless houses. Fortunately, where there's an attic, it can be used to accommodate seasonal items like trunks, sports equipment, etc. A folding ladder makes it accessible without requiring the necessary staircase area. Attics should always be ventilated. For summer, install an attic fan to pull cool night air through the house and force it out ventilators.





32. Most modern houses can't afford a separate room for overnight guests, but sleeping accommodation is possible in a "multi-purpose" room. Essential equipment is a sofa that converts into a bed. Not only does a multi-purpose room serve as a place for children to play and do their homework—it makes a fine study or sewing room as well.

FREE — CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

Anaconda American Brass Limited, New Toronto, Ontario, Dept. CH-3
Please send me your reference book "How to Build A Better Home".

Name

Address

City Prov

HERE'S A TIP

Prices rise before our eyes. But still we all demand that our homes keep attractive as any in the land. Tiny tips halt the eclipse that makes our houses drab. We can "pretty up" our rooms while keeping budget's tab. Money counts, in small amounts, if one will use one's head. Freshen up your homes this spring with nothing forfeited. Here we are, the calendar says, time to clean and spruce. Chatelaine says, "Here's a tip. Convert it to your use!"

Kitchen Cutouts. A clever bride I knew, who'd not a cent to waste, fixed up the cutest kitchen with some labels and some paste. She saved the wrappers off fruit tins of Apples, Peach and Pear, and Strawberries and Logans too and then . . . just everywhere . . . she pasted cutout pictures of all the tempting fruit and turned her bare white kitchen walls into a chintz, so cute. She brushed them over with shellac (so steam would not remove) and then sat back and smiled to hear her awestruck mate approve.

The Children's Power. In our daily living, with all we have to do, the ever useful tray becomes a "must" to me and you. So take those tired old picture frames, oval, round or square, and fit a piece of plywood into the ledge that's there. Secure this with some little brads . . . and then give out the paint to your "small fry." Results will prove his art knows no restraint. A conversation piece is yours, that helps your fun begin. The more so if the cow he paints looks just like Rin-Tin-Tin!

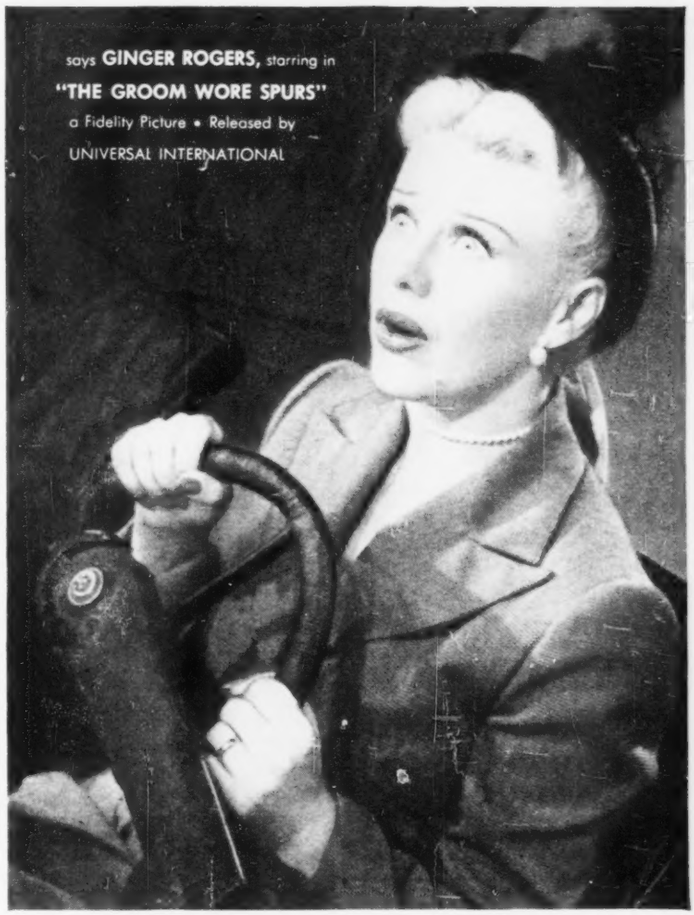
BY CATHERINE FRASER

News of the Poudreuse. In olden days fastidious queens all owned a sweet "poudreuse," which was a dressing table holding powder of all hues. You get yourself, at junk shop, an old school desk with lid (behind which in the olden days the naughty student hid). Secure a mirror onto the underside of top and into little cubbyholes your lipsticks you can pop. Your mirror, brush and comb, you see, rest where the books should be. Then paint it gaily for your room. It's neat and quite dust free. And then, when you close down the top and letters you must write, you still have got a little desk that furnishes delight.

Fragile Vigil. Low table decorations are charming any time. And let guests see each other as casually you dine. The little candle holders, in glass of many shades, create a fairy ring around which charm cascades. A flat dish in the centre, holding just a single flower, will linger with the memory of a pleasant dinner hour. These vigil lights may now be bought at shops or church supplies. Are safe and economical and easy on the eyes.

Chintz Hints. Bathrooms are furnished! So knows everyone . . . but dress them up sweetly, it's cheap and it's fun. Your curtains are figured, so buy a yard more, and cut out the figures and scatter them o'er the wall by the window . . . the wall 'round the chest. Scatter them anywhere you will find best. Shellac them for safety with *clearest* shellac. You've still got one over? . . . Why . . . by the towel rack!

"I cracked up the same plane 10 times!"



"We retook the plane crash for 'The Groom Wore Spurs' ten times. The director made me twist and turn the wheel 'til my hands were stinging red!

And roping the villain was tough on my hands again...

But I smoothed them with soothing Jergens Lotion...

It kept them soft and lovely for romantic closeups!"

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

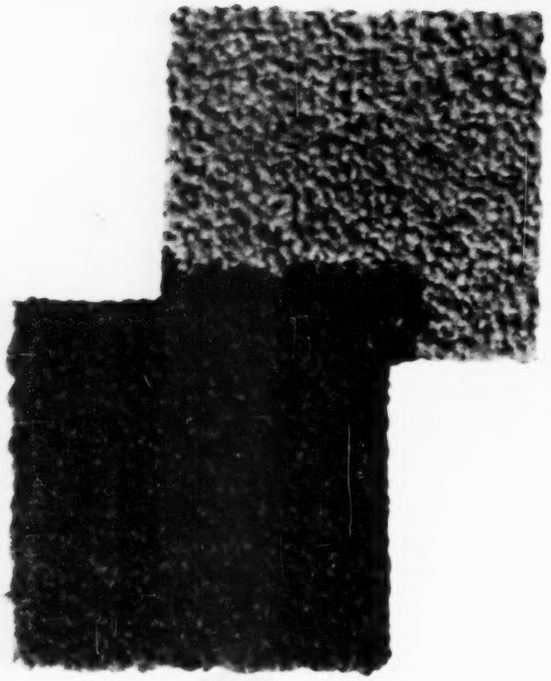
To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't bead on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

15c, 31c, 57c, $1.00. Made in Canada



we chose our Carpet* first

"Look at these drapes!" Jack said, "They look fine!"

"With what?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't know exactly, maybe we could have grey walls and . . ."

"Hold it" I interrupted, "We're going the wrong way about this. Let's lay the foundation for our room first."

"You mean the carpet?" he said brightly.

"Go to the top of the class, dear. Yes, let's choose our carpet first, and everything else will fall into line."

And that's the way it was. And when we'd looked over carpets, we couldn't resist the magnificent Harding Bramble-twist.

***Bramble-Twist by Harding**

A favourite with homemakers. Each wool tuft is woven through the back and securely locked-in for greater strength. Luxurious and lovely, Harding's Bramble-twist is loomed to last by skilled Canadian craftsmen. In 27", 36", 9' and 12' widths — green, grey, coral rose and sandalwood.

WOVEN BY Harding Carpets BRANTFORD, CANADA

a loom creation by Harding

DESIGNED AND WOVEN BY HARDING CARPETS LIMITED, BRANTFORD, CANADA

Also manufacturers of Guelph YARNS *for fine hand knitting*

BY MARGARET CROFTON

HOW DOES ONE GET A MAN?

If one is over 30 that is, lives alone in a city, and should really know better than to butt her head against a stone wall?

How we got to be 30 and still single doesn't really matter. It may have been a matter of necessity, oldest daughter in a motherless home. Or we may have let marriage go by while we worked on our career until we honestly faced up to the grim reality that all life held for us was a $40-a-week job and a rooming house bed-sitting-room. It's too late to look back. And in the present social setup it seems futile to look ahead.

Take me, at 32. My face has the regulation features. I'm not cross-eyed nor have I buck teeth. My figure still measures the same as it did at 22, which is good enough to rate a whistle now and then—from safely married co-workers or street-corner loungers. I dance, play bridge and tennis, bowl a fair game, skate, enjoy football games, and can hold up my end in conversation. Nothing wrong with me except that I'm a few years older than the crowd that runs around in a series of guy-and-gal dates.

I can cook, hang curtains, and fire a furnace. I'm not too old to start raising a couple of children. But I doubt if I ever will. Because, say what you will about women's emancipation, a woman still needs more than her own wiles to meet a man she'd like to marry.

I'm not holding out for the dream man of romantic love theory. I'm working on the assumption that one man is as good as another so long as he bathes regularly, drinks moderately and works steadily—and will marry me.

He can't fulfill that last requirement if he doesn't know I exist.

I could put an ad in the paper outlining + *Continued on page 34*

KEN BELL

Left. By Justine. Red, white and blue straw is beautifully worked to create a charming suit hat. And on the hair, a striking blue-black rinse. Hat about $13.

A soft mauve rinse on silver grey hair blends happily with a delicate lilac hat by Peggy Ann. About $20.

A TILT TO YOUR HAT

BY
MILDRED
SPICER
Fashion Editor

Juliet, Juno or just plain Jane . . . you're going to welcome the return of spring with a fresh approach to color and a brand-new slant on hats. Your hair will take on a more distinctive shade to compliment your chapeau. The result will be new tone nuances which intrigue the eye and flatter you.

Gone is that day of gay abandon when you clapped a little hat on the back of your head and forgot about it. Your new Easter bonnet is designed to sit firmly, almost primly on your head for attention. It will have a slight glide forward for a show of longer hair at the back. It's encouraging, we think, to know that all's well with the world of millinery designers. Who could possibly feel downhearted while wearing a gay creation that looks all moonlight and roses? Or one as true and shining as a clear-cut jewel?

Because the new clothes have quiet understated lines Dame Fashion looks to the hat that is a hat, with more crown, more brim and more trim. Color becomes a gold mine . . . almost any shade in the spectrum to pay tribute to your hair. The newest family is mauve, from strawberry pink to deep lilac. There's the very essence of femininity in the materials for spring . . . new veils, new straws, chiffon, summer velvet, linen, lace and little wool tufts combined with beads.

The big ladylike hat returns as a refreshing change from the endless range of little ones. Small flowered bonnets with mushroom crowns will flatter the woman whose hair is a long time a-growing. Chignons and snoods are revived to give the illusion of longer hair. Pale linen leaves cascading down the back of a perky sailor disguise in-between length hair. The feminine theme for spring is also ✦ *Continued on page 33*

A TINT TO YOUR HAIR

This spring the color of your hair will be as vibrant, as beautiful, as the color of your hat. For the first time ever, hair make-up is coming into its own, a new star in the cosmetic heavens destined to shine as brightly as the lipstick or the home perm.

In the spring fashion picture tints and rinses are used not merely to hush hush grey hair, but as dramatic costume accents, suitable for women of every age. It's an entirely new adventure in good looks.

Why all the hullaballoo? For one thing, hair is going long again. With the shift of interest to chignons and switches, smart women are discovering the fun and flatter of accenting the *color* as well as the contour of their hair.

At the same time cosmetic experts, jiggling their test tubes and beakers, have come up with new formulae, improved processes, quicker and safer color methods. Some are salon products; others are designed for you to use without fear of failure at your own washbasin.

So if you ever felt you'd like to do something different with your hair—lighten it, darken it, brighten it or blend in grey areas—this is the spring to try. There are hair color items of every type and intensity, in a baker's dozen of lovely shades. You'll be hearing of four main methods—rinse, color blend, tint and heavy dye. We're going to discuss them here. Please remain true to your basic care and regular brushing, so that you start with healthy hair. Then you take it from there.

A rinse puts a pretty ✚ *Continued on page 82*

BY
EILEEN MORRIS
Beauty Editor

The beauty of red hair heightened by a red gold rinse is shown off in this pale green hat covered in white daisies. Peggy Ann Hat. About $20.

A honey rinse accents fair hair. For strong contrast a level emerald straw with double brim and narrow bands of navy blue velvet ribbon. By Piko. About $13.

PART 1—THE COSTUME LOOK.
The pyramid coat to be worn over all for spring and summer, black corded bengaline with deep cuffs and collar of black velvet. About $70.

PART 2—DRAMATIC WHITE.
To wear now under the full coat and later by itself, a stiff white piqué sheath, trimmed with cut jet buttons. About $30. The forward line hat is black and white straw trimmed with black velvet.

PART 3—THE SILK CREPE SUIT.
Black and white Persian print with a slightly stiffened hipline and large shawl collar edged with black velvet. The sleeves are a three-quarter length, true to the fashion for longer gloves. The black and white stroller has a perky velvet bow and jet jewelry carries out the theme for dark brilliance. Dress about $30.

BLACK

The Domino Theme . . . a five-part wardrobe

We highlight the news in fashion in terms of black and white . . . timeless colors which present a 1951 look of distinction. For a basic wardrobe there is no better starting point than these two fashion fundamentals. Black, the sophisticated darkling goes as feminine as a rose-trimmed bonnet—in dramatic pyramid coats of thick or thin materials, in softly draped dresses and neat slim suits. White

Clothes courtesy The Robert Simpson Company.

BY MILDRED SPICER,
FASHION EDITOR

PART 4—CHECKS AND PLEATS. A versatile suit to be worn for town and/or country. Black and white houndstooth check wool, an expression of the easy relaxed line of 1951 suits. Shoulders are slightly padded and the waistline is well defined. The black straw hat is fashioned on square lines with bengaline buttons and black velvet button hole trim. Suit about $90.

PART 5—AFTER FIVE ELEGANCE. There's news in the halter top neckline which replaces last year's strapless look . . . news in the softly draped peplum, the coverup bolero, and the big glittery rhinestone buttons. Scalloped lace insets trim the top of the bodice. The tilted black straw hat features tiny straw rosettes and is sprinkled with dark iridescent jewels. Dress about $45.

and WHITE

to wear from now on into summer

lights and contrasts. It turns up in a hat, a frothy organdie jabot, or in a crisp little choirboy's collar. Daytime clothes express a feeling of easy elegance. After-five clothes have a dignified prettiness. Fashion has no tricks up her sleeve. The plan is as plain as black and white, a combination of perfect balance, beauty and good taste.

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

ROMANTICALLY INCLINED

The rollicking story of a moonstruck miss who fell for a Hollywood cowboy. Alas, she believed what his press agent claimed . . . that his only love was his horse

From South Bend to Stromboli, extraordinary things happen in the name of love. Consider the case of Phoebe Pavlowa Milroy. Phoebe leaped from a burning zeppelin for the man she longed for, and she'd never even met him at the time. She also fell repeatedly into a barrel of molasses, sat down forcibly on a cactus for three solid days, and swam the English Channel. A story, you will surely agree, of Great Love and Sacrifice . . .

Everything started, romantically enough, in Paris. Not Paris, France, but Paris, Indiana, when Phoebe was 17. Until this time she'd been a Dedicated Woman: not to any tender passion, however, but to the art of ballet.

Phoebe's mother, as it happened, had been a ballerina in her own right. Years ago she'd been stranded on tour with an operetta troupe. Si Milroy, up from his farm outside Paris to price tractors, had picked her up. There's no politer way to put it: Lilian had fainted dead away of undernourishment right in the path of Si's team, so it was only human. Si also treated her to a hearty breakfast, and by noon the two were in love, and by suppertime they were engaged to be married.

That's how Phoebe happened to be a farmer's daughter. That, too, is how she happened to be a well-trained ballerina. And at 17 the girl's destiny appeared a straight line. As soon as her mother's china pig yielded a hundred dollars, Phoebe would leave the farm for New York where she would live and study with Lilian's former teacher, Madame Respuya. With Phoebe's natural gifts, fame and fortune were sure to follow. It was as simple as that.

Two things, however, firmly intervened: poor crops and Mr. Andy Ingram.

The crop failure was a common experience that year, but Andy Ingram was exclusive to Phoebe. Other girls, thousands of them, sighed in the throbbing dark for the Pecks and Gables, but only Phoebe left Paris's movie house, one late afternoon, with burning conviction. Andy Ingram of Western World Pictures was meant for her—not to languish at from a balcony seat nor to assail with fan letters, but to love and cherish forever. She had inherited her mother's dedication to the dance, but Lilian's romantic tendencies charged through her veins as well, and these were stronger.

She dared not tell Lilian what had happened at that Saturday matinee. After all, Si Milroy had saved Lilian from starvation before she fell for him, and Andy Ingram had never even given Phoebe his autograph. He never imagined, in fact, that she existed. He was engaged, at the time, to Cassandra Lane of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was clean across the continent in Hollywood.

None of this mattered. He was Phoebe's fate. And it's not easy to account for her passion, considering Andy Ingram. Though a movie actor, he wasn't a major star. His appeal was not a flawless profile nor a brutal way with women. He had sun-weathered hair that didn't curl about the nape of his neck, and a bold chin but a much bolder nose, and he never spoke in + *Continued on page 31*

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL SULLY

BY HUGH GARNER

THE YELLOW SWEATER

He stepped on the gas when he reached the edge of town. The big car took hold of the pavement and began to eat up the miles on the straight, almost level, highway. With his elbow stuck through the open window he stared ahead at the shimmering greyness of the road. He felt heavy and pleasantly satiated after his good small-town breakfast, and he shifted his bulk in the seat, at the same time brushing some cigar ash from the front of his salient vest. In another four hours he would be home—a day ahead of himself this trip, but with plenty to show the office for the week's work. He unconsciously patted the wallet resting in the inside pocket of his jacket as he thought of the orders he had taken.

Four thousand units to Slanders—his second-best line too; four thousand at twelve per cent—four hundred and eighty dollars! He rolled the sum over in his mind as though tasting it, enjoying its tartness like a kid with a gumdrop.

He drove steadily for nearly an hour, ignorant of the smell of spring in the air, pushing the car ahead with his mind as well as with his foot against the pedal. The success of his trip and the feeling of power it gave him carried him along to the triumph of his homecoming.

Outside a small village he was forced to slow down for a road repair crew. He punched twice on the horn as he passed them, basking in the stares of the yokels who looked up from their shovels, and smiling at the envy showing on their faces.

A rather down-at-heel young man carrying an army kitbag stepped out from the office of a filling station and gave him the thumb. He pretended not to see the gesture, and pressed down slightly on the gas so that the car began to purr along the free and open road.

It was easy to see that ✦ *Continued on page 41*

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

Her eyes froze on his face like a mesmerized rabbit.

Who could tell what dark fears were released by

his hand furtively reaching toward her?

WITCH AND HUSBAND

The diabolical witch in the Valentina gown is Lilli Palmer. The husband she hexes is Rex Harrison. Their joint sorcery has Broadway hailing them the greatest man-and-wife team since the Lunts

BY JAMES DUGAN

I found the witch reclining on a blue sofa in Dressing Room A at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre in New York. The witch had black hair and big green eyes in a white face. She had a brooding Siamese cat in her lap, her "familiar," or accomplice in sorcery. I looked around for broomsticks and cauldrons, but these are old hat in up-to-date witchcraft. The witch in Dressing Room A rides around after midnight in a long low convertible, mixes her diabolical brew in the box office, and holds a contract written in visible ink.

The witch was Lilli Palmer, who practices the black art in a play called "Bell, Book and Candle," the season's top legitimate comedy on Broadway, in which she throws a spell on a perpendicular blade named Rex Harrison, to the entire amusement of capacity crowds. For me it was quite an education in witchcraft. For instance, Miss Palmer and Mr. Harrison are man and wife, the play was written by John Van Druten, a former lecturer in legal history in Wales, and the evil cat was an understudy.

"Poor cat," said Lilli, stroking the understudy, "she is filling in while the—

star is ill, but this one will never be an actress. She blows her cues. She has no stage presence. She meeyows at the wrong time."

The witch said her husband was removing his make-up and would join us in a minute. Presently he came in, wearing a yellow dressing gown and horn-rim spectacles, and looking none the worse for being hexed and counter-hexed six nights a week, matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The morning after "Bell, Book and Candle" opened in November, the Harrisons awoke with a new professional problem. "Bell, Book and Candle" was a howling success for both of them. The critics announced that they were the greatest new husband-and-wife acting team since Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt or the late Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern. The tenor of the notices was that from henceforward the Harrisons would be expected to appear together and the two actors had never thought of themselves as a package deal. Only once had they played together—and then not as a starring team—10 years before in London, in "No Time for Comedy" by S. N. Behrman. They had got to the top by separate work.

Rex has had a long career on the British stage and films, having starred in the movies "The Citadel," "Night Train to Munich," "Major Barbara," "Blithe Spirit" and a "Yank in London." His busy theatrical career on the other shore included "Design for Living," "French Without Tears" and, last season, in the London production of T. S. Eliot's play, "The Cocktail Party." His American films began with "Anna and the King of Siam" in 1945 and include the "Ghost and Mrs. Muir," "The Foxes of Harrow," and "Escape." Lilli appeared in the English pictures, "Secret Agent," "Thunder Rock," and "The Man With a Hundred Faces," and half a dozen plays. She did not achieve stardom here until somewhat later than her husband. She played in the Hollywood flickers, "Cloak and Dagger" and "Body and Soul," and solidly asserted herself as a bright star in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" last season on Broadway.

She was the first member of the family hired for "Bell, Book and Candle," which was originally cast with another leading man. Luckily a lull in Rex's schedule freed him to accept the role opposite his wife and so the new stage team was launched almost by accident.

Now that they've had a while to get used to the idea, the Harrisons have decided that a life sentence to act together might be fun—given an occasional vacation from stage marriage to play separately. Rex said, "It's ideal to work with your wife. When Lilli works and I don't she comes home exhausted and I want to go out. Now we're exhausted together."

One sad discovery the pair have made, however, is that stage fans—normally considered an intrepid breed—are apparently embarrassed about writing ardent little notes to a star whose husband or wife may be sharing the same dressing table. Lilli said, "Our fan mail has dropped off just when we have the biggest hit either of us have ever had. When Rex was playing on Broadway in 'Anne of the Thousand Days' and I was down the street in 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' we each got bigger mail. I guess playing together as husband and wife takes the romance out of it."

"Bell, Book and Candle" is a comedy about a modern witch, played by Miss Palmer. As the curtain rises the witch, in a persimmon hostess gown by Valentina, is alone in her smart Murray Hill apartment, talking to her magical cat, Pyewacket. It appears that the witch is bored. She upbraids Pyewacket for failing to give her any nice presents, such as the interesting man upstairs. The cat takes the hint and causes Rex Harrison to knock on the door.

Unaware he's been hexed, Harrison thinks he knocked only to complain about the activities of the witch's maiden aunt, who lives above him and has a nosy way of walking through his locked door and reading his personal ✦ *Continued on page 72*

The modern sorceress of "Bell, Book and Candle" bewitches Rex Harrison right into her arms. Rex says Lilli hexed him first 11 years ago.

Green eyes, a white face and a magical cat named Pyewacket, make Lilli a witch on stage. At home she's mummy to six-year-old Cary.

Four Crises

IN MARRIAGE

Whatever your age . . . you're heading into one of them. But don't let it throw you. You can learn from the mistakes of others how to sidestep them. Or if it's too late for that . . . how to win through

BY MORGAN WINTERS

During 1951 there will be approximately 125,000 marriages in Canada. In the same period 9,000 couples will be divorced, thousands will be legally separated, and uncounted numbers of young brides will rush home to mother for periods ranging from one day to several weeks. You stand a good chance of being one of these whose marriage will break up this year, unless you learn to live your marriage day by day, as you live your life.

In Kansas City recently a woman who had been married for 40 years finally divorced her errant spouse for the unforgivable sin of eating peanuts in bed. If you read the news item in your paper you probably laughed at the thought of ever suing *your* husband for divorce on such a zany pretext, but don't laugh too loud. If divorces were granted in Canada for such peccadilloes there would be thousands more couples divorced who are now only separated or living together in uneasy union like a dog and cat in a bird cage.

Everyone knows that no sane woman ever divorced her husband for eating peanuts, wearing hand-painted neckties, eating raw onion sandwiches, or all the other dizzy reasons given in divorce courts below the border. At the same time most thinking persons know that Canada's divorcees did not all reach this state of freedom through adultery either on their part or the part of their husbands. Men and women desire to break up their marriages for as many reasons as there are people, and if they are unable to gain divorce through true and logical reasons they will gain it by reliance on the mandatory reasons prescribed by law.

There comes a time in almost every marriage when the mere thought of having to live with a husband or wife, not only for the rest of their life, but for one more day, becomes anathematic to the other marriage partner. The result is a fight which ostensibly starts over eating with a knife, liking different radio programs, or putting cloves in the apple pie. Every marriage has these moments, but most of them can be overcome by the application of two things which should be known to every woman and man: tolerance and common sense. There are very few marriages in which the couple are so palpably unsuited one to the other that the surgery of the divorce court must be used. However, there are times in every marriage when greater care must be taken to assure its continuance. The periods of greatest danger in marriage have been charted from a study of thousands of divorces and separations, and four of these stand out as the most critical.

The Dangerous Ages

These crises in marriage occur mainly in the following periods: during the first few months of marriage, after the second child is born, between the ages of 40 and 50, and around the age of 65, especially in the case of husbands and wives who have much younger mates.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but many of them slip a lot farther south than that before the ink is even dry on the license. All recognized authorities on marriage problems have a plethora of anecdotes about weeping newlyweds who have broken up their marriage before the bride had unpacked the silver chafing dishes.

Continued on page 54

BY NANCY LAING

NICE PEOPLE DON'T GET JEALOUS

. . . but there's one woman in every town who brings out the feline, even in her closest friends

Henry Merrick set down his glass of fruit juice and allowed his gaze to stray out over the garden. "Time for a go at the weeding again tonight," he remarked happily. "And I think I'll try pruning the roses."

Elizabeth, his wife, handed over his coffee. "Want some help?" she asked. "I'd be afraid to tackle them alone, but as long as you're in command, the flowers do as they're told."

Henry's gaze strayed farther, to the big white house beyond the hedge. "The Thorpes are sleeping in, I see. Mark will have to hop it to make the office in time. Odd how blind a house looks with the curtains drawn."

Elizabeth didn't look out. "It was a late party," she said, busy with the toaster.

"Funny," Henry said. "The Holts were there, and the Carters." He grinned at his wife. "Didn't they ask us? I thought you said something last week about dinner with the Thorpes."

Elizabeth shoved the coffee cup against his groping fingers. "We couldn't go," she said, not looking at him. "Anne asked Dinah to baby-sit, but Dinah had a basketball practice and I said we'd sub for her."

Henry stirred his coffee absently. "But it was only a couple of days ago that Anne mentioned baby-sitting," he murmured.

"Henry," Elizabeth said, "Shelagh Thorpe is always asking us to dinner. It doesn't mean a thing. She doesn't care whether she has four or 40. Why should she, with maids to do the work and the whole of Deeping eager to go to her parties? Anne hardly ever gets out. I felt we owed it to her." She knew that her cheeks were flaming and her hands unsteady on the percolator.

"Well, all right," Henry said mildly. "I only wondered. By the way, Liz, Mark said something last night about our leaving Deeping. Did you tell Shelagh?"

Liz was swiftly on the defensive. "I didn't say anything to Shelagh. But I did mention it to Mark. You don't mind, Henry? It is settled?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I haven't given the firm a definite answer. They gave me till tonight to make up my mind."

"It's definite enough," Liz said, "if we've decided, isn't it? Henry, I wanted it to be definite. That's why . . ."

A clatter on the stairs interrupted her, and Dinah flew in. "Hi, you two. How quick can I make breakfast? Gosh, it's a lovely day."

Liz nodded. "Take it easy, Dinah. School doesn't go in till nine, remember?"

"Could I forget? But I'm late. I have a date." She gulped her orange juice and ruffled her father's hair as she passed him.

Henry grunted. "How can anyone face social obligations so early in the morning?"

"I promised Sally Thorpe to help her with her part in the school play. I'm going to cue her," Dinah said, elaborately casual with the professional word.

"If Sally accepted a part," Liz said, "she ought to be able to prepare it. I won't have you rushing through breakfast, Dinah, just to help Sally Thorpe with work she should be able to do herself." Work that you ought to be doing, Dinah, she added in her heart. It's your part, not Sally's. Whoever heard of a Puck who was tall and blond and robust? Oh Dinah, you would have been perfect as Puck. You would have put into it all the gaiety and wayward whimsicality that it needs. What does Sally Thorpe know about whimsicality?

"But you do need to be cued, mother. Miss Hislop said so. She asked me to help Sally."

"Well, you can't go ✦ *Continued on page 73*

You'd never have guessed that behind the shimmering glamour she was frightened and lonely and lost.

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

BY BARBARA LEONARD REYNOLDS

HELP WANTED MALE

Becky learned a lot of tricks in her first brush with romance. Trouble was . . . she used them on the wrong man

"You say you want a girl to spend some time with your daughter. Do you mean a baby sitter?"

The angular young man in charge of the Student Employment Office was obviously a student himself, and inexperienced, but it seemed to Professor Abbott that he was being needlessly obtuse.

"I do not want a baby sitter—and certainly not a girl," he corrected. "My daughter is 17. She needs a man."

The young man swallowed audibly.

"Perhaps I'm being stupid," he confessed, "but if you could explain exactly what you have in mind—what sort of job—"

"I want," Professor Abbott stated, "a student to be, er, a coach, or companion, for my daughter. Someone who's good at sports, you know—athletically inclined. Or perhaps a major in psychology."

He regarded the young man expectantly, wondering if he should describe Tony Leska, the high-school quarterback who was Becky's current hopeless crush. He decided against being too specific.

"He should be reasonably, er, good-looking," he qualified.

The young man's eyes popped.

"You mean, you want to hire a man to date your daughter?"

"Certainly not. Not that! Not date!" Professor Abbott struggled to express his wants; he had always been more at home with molecules and atoms than with words. "It's just that my daughter is unhappy. When she's unhappy, she eats. Of course that makes her overweight and then she's even more unhappy. Margaret, my wife, used to worry a good deal about Becky, but since she died I haven't paid enough attention, I'm afraid. You know how it is when you love someone. Becky has always been—just Becky. I never thought if she was fat or thin."

The young man nodded sympathetically.

"And then, yesterday afternoon, on my way home from class, I saw Becky in the drugstore. She was eating"—he shuddered—"she was eating some horrible gooey confection with whipped cream and a cherry on the top, and only half an hour before her dinner! And then, at dinner, she ate three helpings of Minna's chicken and dumplings and I—well, I began to wonder where she put it all and suddenly I realized—I realized—"

"That she was fat."

"Exactly!"

After dinner he had privately scolded the housekeeper for serving such delicious meals, but Minna had disclaimed responsibility.

"Tain't my fault if Becky stuffs herself," she'd stated flatly. "When a girl's unsettled in her mind, she eats!"

It had never occurred to Professor Abbott that Becky might be "unsettled," but Minna's dictum had disturbed him, especially when he remembered his wife's habit of snacking between meals when she was upset. If Becky was indeed unhappy, something must be done. And so he'd asked her, and Becky had burst into tears.

Her face became red and blotchy and Professor Abbott realized with unwonted objectivity that by the standards of any but a doting father, Becky was an unattractive child. Her mouse-brown hair hung shoulder length and tousled and even her complexion was not good. Too many sweets, he thought, and then, of course, the tears.

Awkwardly, he tried to cheer her up.

"You mustn't worry. Lots of girls go through this. Your mother—"

"I know," Becky admitted miserably. "Mother always told me how awful it is for a girl to be fat, and how the kids all used to call her Pudge. But no one calls me anything, not ever. No one ever even looks at me."

"But what about Pauline?" At least, he meant to say, she was not without a friend. Always, after school, Becky and Pauline Hunt were together, or Becky would be hanging on the telephone exchanging long and intimate bulletins with her friend. They had shared kindergarten, and dancing ✦ *Continued on page 26*

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL WIRTS

More Money

ISN'T THE ANSWER, BUT BETTER CONTROL OF THE MONEY YOU HAVE!

Ration your dollars to live well in a high-priced world

A Practical Family Program on

How to cope with the rising cost of living

How to meet day-to-day costs

How to provide for future expenses

How to write off past-due bills

And

How to make your wishes come true

The spinning world and rising prices have cast a new light around budgets. A budget today is a marvelous bit of household equipment which keeps money from disappearing into thin air and taxes before its owner has had a good look at it. A budget eliminates much worry and family friction. It can transform a frustrated household into a happy business venture.

Faced with the high cost of living you may have thought that nothing except more money could solve your problems. But more money and new problems always arrive hand in hand. Managing the money you already have is the only successful formula for better living.

Your Exclusive Budget

Where can you find a good budget? Right in your own family circle. A good budget must be an exclusive design, tailored to fit your family's particular tastes and problems. It cannot be found ready made, patterned after some non-existent "average" family and the percentages of income they spent for food, clothing and shelter. Nothing is more discouraging than trying to squeeze your life into a frame of percentages. Your spending needs are specific, based on the number in your family, the type of work you do, the neighborhood and part of the country you live in, your talents and tastes. No one but you can decide which things are essential to your job, your way of life, your buoyancy of spirit. So make your own budget.

Wishes First

Begin with wishes. Take a long sheet of paper and put down everything you'd like to have from a washing machine to a vacation. If you think this is a frivolous approach, consider what has happened when you hear people say, "I tried a budget but it didn't work." They failed because they felt no exhilaration in making it work. They had no goals to work toward. They bogged down in the dreary details and constant costs of daily life. Your budget will keep you moving ahead to the things you really wish for.

In making a list your wishes will fall into three groups:

(1) things you need and want soon—a new suit, a savings account for the arrival of a new baby, a water heater;

(2) things you want during the next year—new chairs, paying off an old debt;

(3) things you want in the future—education for the children, a home of your own.

You may want to restate your goals later, but let them stand until you've made your complete spending plan. Let every member of the family help make this list. Children over 10 will surprise you with ✦ *Continued on page 50*

BY MARTHA BENNETT KING

Every day *Millions of Canadians* share this happy eating habit...

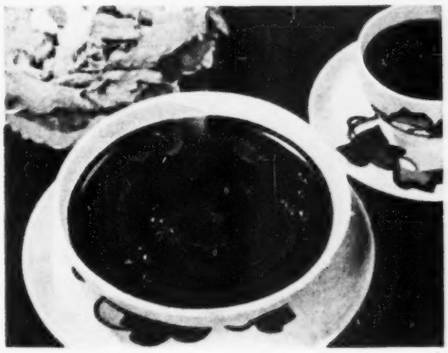
CANADA'S FAVOURITE NOON HOT DISH

Every noon, millions of soup lunches! . . . Soup for youngsters . . . soup for 'teen-agers . . . soup for grown-ups. Soup at home and at school . . . soup at business . . . *For soup is a great food.* It's delicious . . . nourishing . . . easy to digest. It's quick—ready in four minutes. It's thrifty—an outstanding food value. And lots of variety—21 Campbell's kinds to choose from . . . So, *today*, introduce *your* family to this happy eating habit! Have soup for lunch!

SOUP AND DESSERT — **Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup**

It's rich with chicken, smooth with whipping cream. Tender chicken pieces, too!

Apple Pie **Hot Tea**



SOUP AND SALAD — **Campbell's Tomato Soup**

Choice tomatoes, fine table butter, make this "the soup most folks like best"!

Tuna Fish Salad with Mayonnaise **Coffee**

SOUP AND SANDWICH — **Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup**

Pieces of good lean beef and golden egg noodles, in rich beef broth. Delicious!

Grilled Cheese and Bacon Sandwich **Milk**

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVOURITE SOUPS

new!

Elizabeth Arden

gives you Hair Beauty

Here are the very formulas used in Miss Arden's famous Salons all over the world.

BLUE GRASS BRILLIANTINE—a delicately fragrant, exceptionally fine brilliantine, 1.50. With Atomizer, 2.75.

BLUE GRASS VELVA SHAMPOO—a rich-lathering, deep cleanser with the classic fragrance, .90, 1.50

BLUE GRASS CREAM RINSE—adds sparkle and pliant softness to sun-dried hair after a shampoo, 1.75.

ARDENA HAIR LOTION—for blondes; for brunettes. Brings out depth of color; whisks away dandruff, 1.75.

Elizabeth Arden

At Smartest Shops
In Every Town

HELP WANTED MALE

Continued from page 22

class, and secret crushes on a succession of movie stars and, more recently, a passion for the high-school football hero, Tony Leska.

"Where is Pauline?" he asked, unwisely, as it proved.

"Pauline!" Becky wailed. "Pauline's got a *date!*"

Dimly, Professor Abbott realized that somehow, by an invitation given and accepted, Pauline had moved into another world.

"I tried to console her," he told the young man. "I suggested that we go to a movie, but she said no, she didn't want to. She said" —he choked—"she said she thought she'd just stay home and make some fudge."

"That's bad."

"Yes. She needs confidence," Professor Abbott summarized. "Confidence, and a friend, and — and — and exercise!"

The young man pushed aside the application blanks and put the pencil back behind his ear.

"You interest me strangely," he said. "It so happens that I am looking for a job. I peel potatoes in a hash house for my meals; I wash windows, I rake leaves, and I mow lawns. Whenever opportunity knocks, I baby sit. Except for my meal job, all these are temporary and irregular. I'm only working here today because the regular fellow's sick. My finances are strained and so is the patience of my landlady. How many hours a week would you want me?"

Professor Abbott studied the young man doubtfully. He was certainly not good-looking, his cheekbones being too large, as was his Adam's apple. His entire frame gave the appearance of an armature not yet sufficiently covered with the sculptor's clay. Yet his grin was broad and friendly and Professor Abbott sensed a real interest, as well as need, beneath his flippant speech.

"I hadn't really thought —" he began.

"I think you should be prepared to give your daughter several hours a week of my time. It would be difficult to build up the illusion of interest and friendship from two to four on Mondays only. I presume she goes to school?"

"High school. She's a sophomore."

"Yes. Then mornings are out." He produced a schedule card and laid it on the desk between them. His name, Professor Abbott observed, was David Patterson. "On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, as you see, I'm free from three o'clock until the potatoes call me at five-thirty. I would suggest that on those days I meet your daughter after school and we will fill the intervening hours with fun and frolic, in a reducing sort of way, of course. And then, perhaps, on week ends —"

Professor Abbott found himself demurring. "I couldn't just tell Becky—"

"You're absolutely right! This sort of thing must be handled diplomatically. The best thing, of course, would be for you to invite me out to dinner, as a friend of the family. But since I have to be at the restaurant at dinnertime, I'm afraid I can't accept. We'll have to think of something else."

"Look here, Mr.—er—Patterson—"

"Just call me Dave. It's best for us to be on friendly terms from the beginning, don't you think? I've got it! You must hire me as a handy man. You know, to rake the leaves and wash and sweep and brush the crumbs away. That sort of thing. Then I'll have an excuse for hanging around the house and getting to know your daughter. Just leave the rest to me."

Fifteen minutes later, dazed but strangely hopeful, Professor Abbott hurried to his 11 o'clock class. He was glad that on Fridays he was through at three, for he had every intention of being on hand that afternoon when David Patterson turned up for the new job.

He hoped he hadn't been a fool.

The windows of his study opened on the side yard. Professor Abbott, trying to grade examination papers, found it impossible to concentrate. For over an hour Dave had been raking leaves, whistling as he worked and doing, Professor Abbott noted, a thorough job of it as though he'd been hired for nothing else. And Becky still had not come home.

With each minute that passed, Professor Abbott's nervousness grew. The plan which had seemed so logical during the long restless night now looked insane. Becky was not a child, nor was friendship a thing that one could buy or sell.

"I'll just pay him for his yard work," he decided, "and send him on his way."

Just then the front gate slammed and Dave moved quickly toward the front of the house, raking as he went.

Professor Abbott headed for the front windows of the living room. On the way he almost collided with his daughter, flouncing through the door.

"Daddy!" she greeted him indignantly. "Who is that—that *character* out there?"

Professor Abbott tried to sound off-hand.

"Just a student, dear. He's—er—raking the leaves."

"Well, he needn't be so fresh!"

Without elaborating, Becky disappeared in the direction of the kitchen. Dismayed, Professor Abbott stepped outside, to be greeted by a conspiratorial wink from Dave.

Professor Abbott made sure he was not overheard.

"What on earth did you say to her?" he asked.

Dave raked a little closer and re-

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ported in a stage whisper. "I gave her a wolf whistle. She loved it."

Professor Abbott withdrew, shaken. What had he been thinking of, to let his daughter in for such humiliation! He'd let the fellow know —

"What's his name?"

"What?" Professor Abbott turned, to see Becky regarding him over a glass of chocolate milk. She waved a handful of cookies in the direction of the door. "His name. That character that's raking leaves?"

"Patterson. David Patterson."

"He's cute," Becky observed. She walked out the door and settled herself with her cookies and her glass of milk on the front step.

Entranced, Professor Abbott pulled up an easy chair to the living room window. Becky was out of the range of his vision, but her voice and Dave's carried distinctly.

"You live here?"

"Uh huh."

"You ought to lay off cookies, kid. You might get fat."

Professor Abbott winced, but as far as he could ascertain Becky was not disturbed. Her retort was not her own: he'd heard Pauline use it often in reverse, but Professor Abbott found it apropos.

"I'd rather look like a pillow than a soda straw," she said. "Why don't you try eating for a change?"

"Why don't you try offering me something? I've never been known to refuse food, it's just that I don't get enough chances to say Yes!"

Dave moved out of sight. When Professor Abbott was able, by craning, to see him again, he was munching one of Becky's cookies.

"There are lots more in the kitchen," Becky volunteered.

"Lead on, kindly light!" Dave gestured widely with the rake and gave up all pretense of work. Their voices faded away around the far side of the house.

Professor Abbott sighed. The conversation had not been scintillating but Becky's part in it, he felt, had been at least as adequate as Dave's.

With a lighter heart he returned to his study and the stack of examination papers. He was not too engrossed, however, to know when Dave returned to raking and he was amused to note that Becky apparently had decided to weed the flower border of perennials, neglected since her mother's death.

There was chocolate pie for dinner that night, but Becky said "No, thanks." Of course it could have been that she was in a hurry to call Pauline, for the moment dinner was over she rushed to the phone. Professor Abbott, enjoying his after-dinner pipe, found the conversation typically unintelligible.

"Hi, Polly! How's things? Mad? At you? Of course not, why should I be? Oh, that! I was just sort of disgusted, you going out with a drip like Wilbur. D'ja have fun? . . ."

The conversation continued to deal with Pauline's flight into mixed company. Professor Abbott's interest lagged until a note of overemphasized regret in Becky's voice attracted him.

"Tomorrow? Oh, gosh, Poll, I can't . . . Honest! I've got to spend the morning in the garden, weeding and stuff. Why, I'm nuts about gardening . . . And then, in the afternoon, we're going out to look for some wild asters to

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put in that bare spot by the gate. Dave knows where there are a million . . . Who? Oh, I guess you don't know Dave, do you?"

Professor Abbott allowed himself a private chuckle.

"He's one of the men from the college, a junior. No, he's *not* one of Dad's students! . . . Oh, sorta cute. You know, tall and dark, kind of rugged-looking . . ."

There were another few minutes of gossip before Becky, with an air of secret satisfaction, replaced the telephone receiver and started up the stairs, humming.

"Going to bed so soon?" Professor Abbott called.

"Uh uh." Becky continued upward for a few steps. "Just thought I'd wash my hair," she volunteered and went on out of sight.

On Saturday, Dave and Becky worked side by side in the garden all morning, but sometime before lunch they disappeared and Becky was gone until suppertime. Minna reported that they'd packed some sandwiches.

"You'd best speak to that boy," she advised. "He hardly did a lick of his work. The leaves ain't finished raking and the grass still wants to be cut."

"But the flower beds look very nice!"

"Flower beds! You best see he tends to what he's paid for and leaves the flower beds alone. A fellow old as him's got no call to hang around a kid like Becky."

"Too many things have been neglected since my wife died," Professor Abbott said firmly. "I'm glad to have Dave take an interest—in the flower beds."

When Becky came home she was elated.

"We walked miles and miles," she reported. "Dave thought he knew a short-cut home, but we got lost and in the end we had to stop at a farm to ask the way. And Dave dropped our lunch when we were crossing a stream and all we had to eat was hard-boiled eggs. The sandwiches got soaked. But we got just scads of asters. Dave's coming over in the morning to help me set them out, and he isn't even supposed to come again till Monday."

The next day, after the asters had been transplanted, Dave took Becky off again, this time for a game of golf. At dinner Becky revealed that once again they'd walked "just miles."

"Dave wanted to play at Glenway, over on the other side of town, because it's a sportier course, but he doesn't have a car—he's awfully poor," she added parenthetically—"and after we got through the 18 holes he found he'd lost his wallet. We went all around the course again, looking for it, but we couldn't find it anywhere and so we had to walk home. He couldn't come all the way back with me, because he has to be at this restaurant at five-thirty to peel potatoes for his meals. Every night he does that, and I think he's simply wonderful. He's putting himself through college, doing odd jobs and oh, Daddy—after he's through with the yardwork, can't you find a lot more things for him to do? He's an awfully fast worker."

Professor Abbott assured her that he'd do his best.

So it was not until Monday afternoon, before Becky came home from school, that Professor Abbott had a chance to talk to Dave alone.

Dave was already pushing the lawn mower when Professor Abbott arrived, panting, from his class.

"How'm I doing?" he greeted his employer with a grin.

"Why, er, very well, on the whole. However, there are one or two things I've been wanting to speak to you about. Could you, er, come into my study?"

He felt embarrassed at what he was about to say. The improvement in Becky's spirits, in just three days, had been remarkable and her appetite, in spite of exercise, had diminished accordingly. And yet, Professor Abbott had begun to feel as though, by error, he'd climbed aboard a rocket bound for outer space.

"Becky seems much happier," he began, feeling his way. "She seems to believe you really like her."

"Oh, I do," Dave assured him. "She's a good kid, really, and so darn grateful for a friendly word. Reminds me of a puppy I once had—"

"Er, that's partly what I mean. Becky is young and impressionable, and because she doesn't know of our agreement—well, I'd dislike to see her get herself involved."

"Don't worry, Professor. I'm an old man to her. She looks on me like a father; that's why we get along so well. You should see her with the fellows her own age. We met a couple from her school at the golf course yesterday and Becky pulled into her shell like a bashful barnacle. But I'm going to work on that too. I figured that after today it'd

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be a good idea if I picked her up at school. We could stop in on the way home at Harrod's, the drugstore where her gang hangs out. Let them see her with a man. Build up her confidence."

"Well," Professor Abbott agreed weakly, "be sure you keep an account of all you spend. Hot fudge sundaes—"

"I'll hold her down to cokes," Dave chuckled. "Did she tell you what happened to our lunch the other day?"

"Yes. And that's another thing. Becky told me about your wallet. I'd like to make up your loss."

"Think nothing of it. It was an old one; didn't have a cent in it. All part of the reducing regimen, you know. By the way," he added reminiscently, "she's a darn good sport. Any other girl would have blown her top, but Becky simply walked home like a lamb. I'll bet she lost five pounds!"

On Saturday, a week after Dave came into her life, Becky, with Minna's help, cut her long straight hair and gave herself a permanent. Not only the curl but extra grooming had given her hair new sheen and Professor Abbott observed with pleasure that the effect was most becoming. Margaret, he supposed, would have suggested it long before.

The following Tuesday she manicured her nails and waited anxiously for her father to pass judgment on the pale pink polish she'd applied. On Saturday she bought three pairs of nylon hose.

That night she asked her father for an evening gown.

"Dave's going to take me to the high-school dance the 28th," she announced. "Imagine, me, going to the dance with a college man. Polly's simply green."

She twisted in front of the full-length mirror in the hall, examining the effect of the new nylons.

"Are my legs all right?" she asked abruptly.

Professor Abbott gasped, then swallowed hard.

"I heard somewhere," he said, "that if you can hold a quarter between your knees, they'll do. I suspect you can."

"Oh, thank you," Becky cried, flying to her purse.

"And," her father added dryly, "when you buy that new dress, I suggest you try a smaller size. Your clothes are getting positively baggy."

Becky beamed.

"Oh, Daddy, I wondered if you'd notice. Just think, I've lost 12 pounds."

Her lack of interest in food continued to be as startling as her former appetite had been, but the night of the dance even Professor Abbott, who certainly should not have been taken unaware, was not prepared for the transformation that had taken place. Shy and glowing, Becky came into the study where Dave and her father waited and spun for their inspection. The folds of her blue dress billowed about her, accentuating the deep blue of her shining eyes. Her skin was smooth and gently flushed; her tawny hair a sleek and softly curling cap.

Professor Abbott knew then why men sometimes feel impelled to whistle and he held himself a little straighter when Dave did. That note of spontaneous approval, this poised and lovely girl, were his vindication and reward.

And he had a further cause for self-congratulation. Before Becky had come down, Dave, in some embarrassment, had refused the extra cash he'd pressed upon him for expenses.

"The dance was my own idea," he'd insisted. "I'll take care of this myself."

Professor Abbott knew that Dave could ill afford the gesture, much less the flowers he had brought, and his heart had been warmed with this proof that, whatever its beginnings, Dave's friendship for Becky was not a purely mercenary one.

Becky was still sleeping at 10.30 the next morning when Professor Abbott left for his Saturday class, and a luncheon appointment kept him away from home until mid-afternoon. The telephone was ringing as he let himself into the hall.

"May I speak to Becky?" Dave's voice asked.

"I'll call her—" he began, but stopped as Minna shook her head from the doorway of the living room.

"Becky ain't in," she told him disapprovingly. "I don't know where she is."

Professor Abbott relayed the information. "You might try Pauline's," he suggested.

"She ain't over to Pauline's," Minna stated, but only after he'd hung up. "Pauline was over here this morning and when she left Becky was that upset she ate six waffles for her lunch. And on top of that, that Patterson fellow stood her up. I always said no good would come—"

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"Dave! Stood Becky up?"

"That's right. Said he was coming to play golf with her at one o'clock and never showed his face. She kept looking for him till nearly three, and near bawling she was, too. 'He's trying to brush me off,' she says. 'He's ashamed of me!' "

"Why should she think that?"

"Because none of the boys danced with her last night, that's why!"

"But I saw her last night when she came in. She said she'd had a lovely time!"

"That was before she saw Pauline. Becky wouldn't know a girl don't rate if she just dances with the fellow that takes her—but Pauline let her know all right!" Minna quoted Becky in a desolate falsetto. " 'Polly danced with seven men,' she says, 'they all kept cutting in, but no one cut on me!' she says. 'Dave was just *stuck!* And now he's got a job,' she says, 'and I won't see him any more— ' "

"A job? What kind of job?"

"All I know is what she told me. 'He's got a job,' she says, 'He's trying to brush me off.' And then she waited and waited for him to show up for this date and when he never came she just went off somewheres—"

"But I don't understand."

How could Dave have let him down like this, let Becky down? If he'd planned to take some other job, surely Dave would have let him know.

He forestalled Minna as the phone rang again.

"She wasn't at Pauline's," Dave reported. "Where else could she be? We had a date—"

"Minna told me," Professor Abbott said. "She doesn't know where Becky is. She says Becky was terribly upset."

"I know. We had a date and I—well, I had to study late, last night, after I got home, and this afternoon I lay down after lunch and fell asleep. Guess I didn't even hear my alarm. That's what I called to tell her."

"She thinks," Professor Abbott accused, "that you are trying to 'brush her off,' that you're ashamed of her—"

"But why?" Dave sounded genuinely astonished.

Professor Abbott repeated the gist of Minna's conversation.

"The poor kid." There was a stricken silence. "That Polly ought to have her bottom spanked. I'll be right out," Dave said.

Within 20 minutes he arrived. "Has she come in?"

Professor Abbott shook his head.

"She's not at Harrod's; I stopped in on the way. They said she was in, earlier, though. She—she ordered a banana split."

The two men looked at one another.

"Minna says you have a job."

Dave looked uncomfortable. "Yes," he admitted. "I should have told you before, but—well, I was so sure that after the dance Becky wouldn't need me any more anyway. I figured, after the dance, she'd have every guy in school on her string."

"I would have thought so too," Professor Abbott admitted. "I thought she looked, er, rather nice, myself."

"There wasn't a better looker on the floor—and I should know! But none of the stags gave her a tumble. So then I told her, I've got this chance at a steady part-time job, in my own line of work. It's a break I can't pass up—"

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"And Becky thought you were trying to brush her off?"

"No. In fact, she thought—she seemed to think I was consulting her about our future. I mean, she said she was awfully glad about the job, even if it meant we couldn't be together quite so much, because now I wouldn't be so poor—and that we could still see each other week ends. And we can, too, even if I don't know when I'll have a chance to study. Honestly, Professor, I never meant to let her down. If I just hadn't gone to sleep—"

"Well," Professor Abbott decided practically, "we'll just have to find her and explain. I can't imagine where she'd be, if she's not at Harrod's, or Pauline's."

"Mrs. Hunt said that Pauline wasn't home. Could they be together somewhere, shopping or something?"

"I don't know," Professor Abbott said helplessly.

There seemed nothing else to say. Nothing, short of calling the police, to do. Professor Abbott chewed his empty pipe and Dave, his legs draped over the sidearm of the easy chair, jingled keys on a chain. At intervals Minna, with accusation in her eyes, stalked through the room to peer out the front windows or to consult the clock.

And then, just before six, the front door burst open.

"Daddy!" Becky cried. "Guess what!"

She was half across the room before she noticed Dave.

"Why—why, Dave!" she said. She looked, Professor Abbott thought, bewildered and confused.

"I'm sorry I missed our date, Becky, but I was tired. I fell asleep. As soon as I woke up I tried to call, but you'd gone out."

"Dave's been here since three o'clock, Becky. We've both been worried."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I thought—" she paused. "I should have phoned." She turned to her father. "I was over at Wilbur's, with Polly and the gang."

Stony-faced, Minna appeared in the doorway.

"How many's for dinner?" she demanded bluntly.

Suddenly Becky remembered.

"Dave, the potatoes. You'll miss your supper."

"I got a blind date for the spuds," Dave assured her. "I thought we'd go out to dinner, you and I, and then take in a show. To make up for this afternoon."

Surprisingly, Becky looked distressed.

"Oh, Dave. I can't tonight. I didn't know—I've—I've got a sort of date."

Dave's face, Professor Abbott thought, was ludicrous.

"A date. Why, Becky! You—you little minx."

"Dave, you mustn't mind. You've been so wonderful and I do like you terribly, but—well, there's this boy in school—"

"When did all this happen?" Professor Abbott intervened.

"This afternoon. I was in Harrod's and he came in and asked me where my boy friend was and I said"—she glanced at Dave apologetically—"I said I wouldn't know. And then he said all the boys thought Dave was my steady. And that's why no one cut in at the dance, Dave—they were all scared of you because you're a college man. And he said they were sort of scared of me, too, because I always act aloof and sort of bored with high-school fellows. Imagine! And then he asked me for a date—"

"And of course you couldn't let your own gang think you were being high hat."

Becky smiled at Dave gratefully.

"That's what I thought," she said. "And—well—I do think I'm sort of young to settle down, and besides—well, you *are* an older man."

"Perhaps you're right," Dave said.

"Then you're not hurt? And we can still be friends?"

"You bet we can."

Becky hesitated. She glanced in some embarrassment at her father and Professor Abbott turned away and stared out at the dusk. He could hear Becky's low question, "Would—would you like to kiss me good-by, Dave?" And, reflected in the window, he saw Dave bend and touch his lips to her cheek.

"Be happy, Becky," he said soberly.

He tipped an imaginary hat to Professor Abbott and was gone.

Professor Abbott took a deep breath and turned around.

"Just who," he asked, "is this boy in school?"

Becky's nostalgic mood of parting was dispelled.

"Oh, Daddy, you'll never guess. It's Tony Leska. And he called me Dream Boat right in front of all the gang. Was Polly ever green!"

"I'm happy to hear it," Professor Abbott said.

Becky's fingers stole up to her cheek.

"You *do* think Dave will be all right?" she asked.

Professor Abbott smiled.

"I suspect," he said, "that he'll get over it in time." ✚

ROMANTICALLY INCLINED

Continued from page 15

words exceeding one syllable. He was lanky and loose-jointed and not unlike farmers Phoebe had grown up among.

Andy Ingram, indeed, was a movie cowboy, and his chief audience was small fry. He kissed his horse but never his ingénue, and 2,000 little boys wrote outraged letters when his affiliation with the starlet was announced. This cooked Miss Lane's goose; the engagement was terminated within the month. Phoebe, ignorant of the power of small boys, believed simply that Andy had seen his error and was waiting for Miss Right.

Nor was she in any great rush to get to him. One's fate, she believed, was inevitable. Thus she wasn't particularly grieved when the china pig was obliged to yield its hoards toward the spring planting. She told her mother with her father's forcefulness, "You've got to look trouble in the face—you can't turn tail on it!" And Lilian had to agree.

"What I'll do," resolved Phoebe, bringing her mother a cup of coffee, "is go to Chicago and get a job. I can send money home, and I can save some, and I still may be able to go to New York next spring."

"You're 17," said Lilian dolefully. "Certainly, you can't go off to Chicago. Going to live with Madame Respuva in New York is one thing; she's like

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a convent. But kicking about the Loop is another."

"Who'll kick about the Loop?" Phoebe demanded blithely. "Except in a chorus line, maybe. Why not?"

"Because I didn't raise you to be a pony dancer!" snapped her mother.

"Matter of fact," confessed Phoebe, "I've been experimenting. Just in case an emergency should happen."

She thereupon rose from the kitchen table and executed a double back-flip, ending up in a split by the stove. Her mother shrieked and pushed from the table. "There, by gum," Phoebe said calmly, rising. "Acrobatic! I've got three whole routines: swiped them from specialty numbers in movie shorts. I'll bet acrobatic dancers make plenty, lots more than ballet!"

"That I should live," said Lilian, beginning to cry, "to see the day!"

Phoebe put her arms about the ample shoulders and stared out at the line of the Brown County hills. It was a cinch Andy Ingram wouldn't come riding over *them*. Whereas an acrobatic dancer in a lovely sequinned costume, featured in a smart Hollywood supper club . . . happening to land in a split by Mr. Ingram's ringside table . . . glancing up as if by chance into his eyes . . . ?

In a wistful mood, altogether uncowboylike, Andy Ingram was quoted by an interviewer as saying, "I owe a lot to my chaps and spurs, and that's a fact! But gee, I sure would like a crack at a real acting part."

In the Western World Studios of California during the following six months, Andy Ingram's rating began to soar. The front office was deluged with letters from all over the country, and they pleaded a common cause. "I saw Andy Ingram in 'Rustlers at Bay,'" wrote a Milwaukee housewife, "six times. I've never watched a more impressive performance. Can't you give him an opportunity in a stronger role?"

There was a multitude of letters like these, and they were impossible to ignore. It was eventually announced that in response to the demand of thousands, Andy Ingram had been cast opposite Western World's new Swedish import in a forthcoming comedy drama.

Phoebe's agent had landed her in San Francisco by this time. It was a relief to know her efforts for Andy had won results. She'd spent endless, cramped hours in upper berths, scrawling the praises of Andy Ingram in every possible variation of handwriting. By now she was suffering chronically from writer's cramp, and it didn't help her performance. Her imagination was giving out, as well; she hadn't dared sign real names to her letters to Western World, and she feared she'd begun to repeat the ones she invented.

When the club in Chinatown was compelled to fold, Phoebe took the first bus to Hollywood. She had no engagement there. But she'd saved $60, besides what she sent home to Lilian and Si, and she'd deliberately contrived to wind up on the Coast. Fate was calling. Andy Ingram, whether he knew it or not, was waiting for her. So Phoebe moved into a rather squalid professional club and made the rounds of the agents.

"Acrobatic dancers? A glut on the market!"

"How about ballet?" pleaded Phoebe.

"You belong in the East, baby — we're basic here on the Coast. If you strip, now? There's a gin mill out on Sepulveda . . ?"

"No," Phoebe sighed. "Thanks."

She applied to Central Casting, but they failed to call her. There seemed no way of getting within shouting distance of Andy Ingram. When she was down to her last $2, Phoebe began to wonder with a trace of panic what fate was up to?

A girl named Cora Hayes shared her room at the girls' club. Cora, at present, was bedridden; she had a collarbone in a cast. Over this she watched Phoebe's comings and goings alertly. Cora had the tough little face of a chimpanzee, and predominantly the heart, but she knew her moments of human compassion.

"I'd done that fall a dozen times, only 15 feet or so, but some dopey grip forgot to check the net, and bang! There went Cora. Anyhow, it's a nice rest, and the studio had me insured. Cute routine you got there."

"It's not perfected," puffed Phoebe, wriggling out of a sort of sailor's knot and sitting up on the carpet. "Anyhow, it's just to keep in shape. Seems like," she concluded on a quaver of despair, "I'll just never find a spot out here!"

"Lissen!" Cora ventured, bucked up by thought of that insurance cheque, "you should try my racket, maybe. I been watching you work out, and you've got a gift."

"At what?" asked Phoebe vaguely.

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She hadn't got too chummy with Cora; when her thoughts weren't with Andy, they were on her next bacon bun, now almost hypothetical.

"Stunting," explained Cora. "I'm a stunt girl. Didn't you see Paulette's last? That wasn't her fell off the drawbridge in the French Revolution. It was me."

Phoebe stared at her doubtfully. "Well, I declare," she said. "I'd have vowed it was Paulette. You don't favor her a whole lot, do you, Cora?"

"Stunt girls needn't," Cora replied without rancor. "Matter of cutting to a long shot, that's all. She yells and looks goggle-eyed in close-up, then the camera pulls back, and I take the fall. I got connections at Paramount and Metro. While I'm laid up, I might recommend you for whatever they call me for?"

Phoebe was invaded by a swimming hope. She said tremulously, "How about World Wide?"

"No, I got no 'in' there. Anyhow, it's a terrible lot, always this side bankruptcy. They make those horse operas with that crummy And—"

"Could I," Phoebe implored quickly, before Cora could alienate herself forever, "get something soon, d'you think?"

"Well, I got a call this morning. Paramount wants somebody to jump through plate-glass for Betty Hutton. It'll muss you up, but there's not much real danger."

Fate! Phoebe breathed to herself. It had known what It was about, after all: here it was nudging her elbow again. She stood up with a dedicated light on her face and said, "Well, sure, Cora. Sure, I'll take a chance . . ."

And that was the start of it. A career which swept Phoebe all over the world, though she rarely quit the sound stages. She was slugged in the Place Pigalle, drowned in a Venice canal, stretched on the rack in Inquisition Spain, and mauled by lions in Early Rome.

Rugged work, indeed, but not much change occurred in Phoebe. Her thoughts, of course, were ever elsewhere. She didn't become leathery or hag-ridden: the rosy little face would drag itself from a snowbank or blink through a custard pie with unfailing faith and perseverance. A time must come—Fate was arranging everything—when she would, figuratively speaking, turn some corner and confront Andy Ingram.

A year passed, and the turning of the corner proved not figurative at all. One spring night—walking off a charley horse incurred in an Alp-climbing sequence—Phoebe rounded the corner of Sunset and Franklin.

There, at last, came the lank frame and shambling gait, the sun-stained hair and prominent nose bearing straight down on her. And bearing straight past, too: he hardly saw the stricken girl gaping his way from under the street lamp.

It gave Phoebe a sick sort of feeling. It was difficult to remember Andy Ingram was ignorant of Fate's plan. But then, he hadn't really looked at her just now. To him she'd seemed only a dazzled, staring fan.

It had been, she reminded herself, a full year for Andy Ingram, too. That might account for his preoccupied, his rather brooding expression. The picture with the Swedish import, possibly, had run into trouble.

Phoebe's hand suddenly flew to her heart. She sank back against the lamp-post, blinking after the bowlegged figure striding toward the dark shapes of the Hollywood hills. Could she be responsible for that unhappy gaze? Could it be that she'd *interfered* with Fate by bombarding World Wide with those requests to cast Andy in a Class A film?

Before she realized it, she found herself stumbling in the same direction. Some image of cradling his head against her breast and murmuring, "Oh, my darling, what have I *done!*" overcame her for the instant. But that, of course, wasn't Fate's way. It couldn't be rushed. She slowed to a trot.

Her charley horse began to throb as the sidewalk gave way to gravel and sharply rose. He lived up here, no doubt, behind one of those ghosts of white walls that lined the road. She would at least learn which was Andy's house.

Or could he—and the idea caused her a most piercing kind of pang—be keeping a rendezvous? Could he be troubled tonight because someone who lived up here was treating him badly—Cassandra Lane, perhaps, or the Swedish import? Phoebe's impulse became almost irresistible to rush forward and seize his arm, to cry out, "They can't *really* hurt you, Andy, because they're not *meant* for you!"

Then the appalling, the shattering thought obtruded itself for the first time. Was it possible that to love Andy might be her destiny . . . but in vain?

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½ tsp. salt
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2 eggs ¾ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar; add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven about 25 minutes. Split layers of cold cake and put all together with lemon cake filling; cover with 7-minute frosting flavored with vanilla and lemon extract; decorate with well-drained maraschino cherries.

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"hasn't scratched yet!"

She drew up sharply, lurching sideways into an uphill lawn planted with geranium. Then she stood frozen as a dog barked savagely nearby. Even in panic, she confronted the devastating thought.

Phoebe had long since found the world beyond Paris wasn't the one she'd foreseen. Her mother's memories of that world outside, for example, had been incorrigibly romantic: Lilian had forgotten or stifled unpleasant ones. To fire Phoebe with ambition she'd painted a Corot-like canvas against which nymphs and shepherds danced sweetly and interminably—a kind of sustained *Sylphides*.

Lilian's admonitions had all too soon been proven fanciful. Not these but the thought of Andy had proven a bulwark for Phoebe's innocence. She'd loved him, simply, and no one else would do.

A gate rattled, then crashed open as indomitable weight assailed it. A monster came charging through the moonlight, jaws gaping. Phoebe shrieked and covered her face with her hands. Her sleeves were suede, fortunately; the great teeth snapped together without penetrating. She was borne backward, deliriously shrieking, clasping at the same time the giant head against her shoulder. Phoebe and the monster went rolling downhill.

An instant later the creature she embraced was wrenched away. Phoebe, twisting around on the gravel, teeth chattering like dice in a cup, saw the great dog yanked backward by its collar, then flung headlong over the nearest wall. Its howl split the night like the cry of a doomed soul; lights flared up in houses as Andy Ingram seized Phoebe by the arms, jerked her to her feet, and propelled her wildly up the road.

Neither Phoebe nor her rescuer had the desire or power to say anything till they had circled the hillside. Then they came to a sort of ledge overlooking the city, and 'ere Andy Ingram released her arm, half-shoving her down on a bench carved out of the rock. "We'll be all right," he advised, wheezing like anyone else after undue exertion, "if we keep quiet. They might fetch the cops back there."

Phoebe nodded, speechless. She saw with horror a headline that shrilled, "Andy Ingram Rescues Blonde Vagrant!" and vagrant she'd be. Because what possible excuse could she give for being up here? She sat staring at the apprehensive face overhead and trying not to shiver.

He listened intently a few minutes, then slumped down beside her. "You work around here?"

"Yes . . ."

It was true; the Alpine sequence this afternoon had been shot less than a mile away. But she realized what he'd probably assume: that she was a cook or housemaid in the neighborhood. "Thanks," she said shakily, "for rescuing me."

"You were okay. Mighty fast thinkin', grabbin' the critter's jaws the way you did."

Phoebe blushed as deeply as if he'd praised her hair. She blurted, "I don't know *what* would have happened if it hadn't been for you, Mr. —" then throttled herself just in time.

"Jones," he said. Perhaps to change the subject, he went on, "Maybe you'd like a little smoke before we start back? And maybe you better powder your nose, too—your make-up prob'ly took a beating?"

"Except I don't use any."

"No?"

He squinted at her through the starlight. "Reckon you must be in a class by yourself in this town." He fumbled in his pocket and produced tobacco and rolling papers. "If they get inquisitive, we was meanderin' back to your place." He fashioned her cigarette neatly and licked in a delicate way at the paper. "I was callin' for you, you understand, when you got off work. That's the story."

Except, Phoebe thought heavily, that I don't work in one of these houses.

It had at once struck her, nevertheless, how natural it seemed, sitting in the starlight with him this way. It happened so often in her dreams that the reality was merging with remarkable ease into the fantasies, taking on a dreamlike but not at all incredible quality. Perhaps *he* felt the rightness of it, too? As he completed her cigarette, he relaxed and sighed.

"There you are, miss. You won't care for it, likely."

"Yes, but I will," Phoebe assured him earnestly. "My dad rolls the same kind."

"Your folks Westerners?"

"Hoosiers. We've got a farm in Indiana."

"A farm . . ."

He struck the match and held it above their heads before he extended it. Phoebe stared into the familiar steady gaze without breathing. But she wasn't in the least anxious or uneasy: wasn't it all as she'd foreseen? "Why come out here, then?" he demanded with interest. "To get in pictures?"

She was too dismayed he should think this to be cautious. "Certainly I didn't!" Then she checked herself and said, "I mean, for my folks, partly. Our wheat crop failed, and they needed help."

The flame went out; he forgot completely about her cigarette, because he flicked away the spent match, stretching his famous legs and gazing down for a long moment at the lights of Los Angeles. "Now, that," he allowed presently, "is a real coincidence. It's why I came, too. Needed a little ready cash, just like you. I got a sheep ranch back in Arizona. Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever . . . that's what nearly cleaned me out."

All this emerged with such a genuine ring that for an instant Phoebe believed it. She even nodded and felt a warm rush of sympathy. Then, as it penetrated, she began slowly to stiffen. Because everything he'd just said, of course, had been a lie. Everyone knew he came from Texas. Everyone knew—such was the power of World Wide's publicity department—that he'd ridden herd until a talent scout at a dude ranch encountered him, sweeping him off to the Coast for a screen test.

Nor was it the first time he'd lied. He'd told her, with hardly a quiver, his name was Jones.

"Funny," Andy Ingram went on glibly, "our meeting this way tonight. And you from the same type background as me. You know why I climb up here practic'ly every evening?"

"Why?" said Phoebe hollowly.

"To get away." He waved his hand with a distasteful movement toward the lights that spangled the valley below.

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"Hardly had a minute's pleasure since I hit California, except where we're sittin' now. Haven't made friends, and don't take a-tall to the women. You're the first one I've honest-to-Pete talked to, you know that?"

She was frozen, the dream buckling, collapsing. What of Cassandra Lane? she longed to say. But to what point? she beseeched herself. There'd been no recognition in his eyes when he'd looked at her so intently by the match light.

"Maybe," he was suggesting confidently, "you'd let me meet you sometimes when you get off work? 'Course, I can't take you out to any fancy places—I'm puttin' every cent I make toward my ranch. But we could sit here awhile, talk? I sure would appreciate it?"

His duplicity was horrifying. He wouldn't take her any fancy places, obviously, because he believed she was somebody's servant. While in the dream Andy Ingram had wanted her whatever she was . . . Anger began to ferment in Phoebe, even stronger than these pangs of disillusion.

"Seems like," he went on dreamily, "I know you a lot better than I do? Prob'ly because we're not like most folks around here, you and me. Got different values—see things a different way. You reckon?"

He shifted her way slightly on the bench, and his hand touched her own. A tentative, a preliminary movement; he felt she was disarmed, now, susceptible to approach. Phoebe stood up so abruptly that he jumped.

An entire Gothic world lay in ruins. There were no knights in armor, no ladies fair. This was reality: this movie cowboy skilled in guile. "Good-by," she blurted. "I'll have to go now."

He stood, too, tremendously taken aback. "Well!" he said in an uncertain voice. Then, reconnoitring, he cleared his throat and said, "Maybe I could walk you home if you got no objections? Unless," he went on as if his feelings were hurt, "you'd rather I didn't?"

Phoebe said, "I'd much rather you didn't."

Her voice cracked in spite of herself. She added convulsively, "Because I'm not interested in—in keeping any rendezvous with you. I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Keeping any *what?*"

She started helplessly to cry, despising herself for not being contemptuous, cold. "Furthermore," she flared, "if you try following me, I'm going to yell! That'd be nice for the newspapers, wouldn't it? So roll that in your old cigarette, Andy Ingram."

She couldn't help watching the effect of this. And for a moment he could say nothing at all: he was too stunned that his identity had been known all the while. Then he exclaimed, "Now, you look here," and thrust out a hand to grab her.

Phoebe wasn't sure what happened then. It seemed, later, that she must have pushed him. It was a powerful push evidently, because his astounded face slipped down before her eyes—for all the world like a coin dropping in a slot—and the next instant she heard a resounding crash.

A resounding silence then ensued. But she still suffered from too great shock to be alarmed for him. She moved to the ledge's rim and peered over it. Some distance down the almost perpendicular drop a figure was detaching itself with

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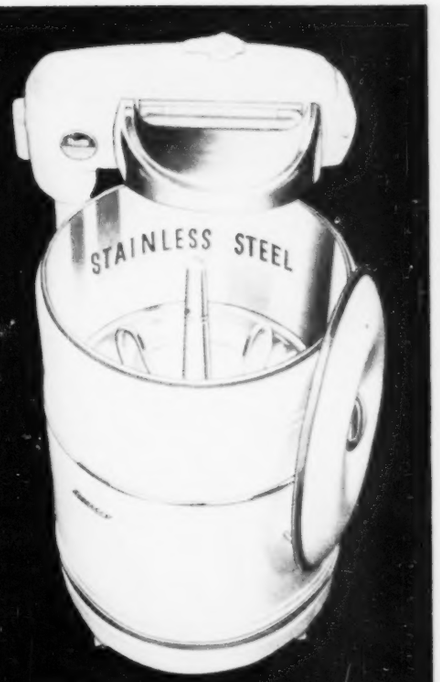

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some difficulty from a clump of cacti. Not dead, then. Not even fatally wounded.

"Hey!" yelled Andy Ingram furiously, and tried in vain to scramble back up the incline.

"Good-by," Phoebe said softly to her dream, and turned brokenly away.

There had been hotter days in the Valley, said the old-timers, but nobody believed them. Grease paint lay like mustard plaster on the extras' faces, and the costumes were no help; voluminous petticoats were the order of the day, and sunbonnets, and the men sweltered equally under wing collars, stovepipe hats, and crepe-hair mustaches. Even gin rummy and gossip couldn't arouse them in the few sparse patches of shade.

The set was the exterior of a Western Main Street of the Eighties. It was painfully authentic. The dust seemed to have baked here a hundred summers; the old hound dog sprawled under a hitching post before the Happy Load Bar panted with unaffected realism.

Phoebe Pavlowa Milroy, damp and despondent under a scratchy brunette wig, sat on a prop box and brooded. Her last job, she was assuring herself; Si and Lilian were in the green now, and her savings guaranteed their security in case of another crop fiasco. Not did she plan proceeding to New York and a career in the ballet theatre. The world beyond Paris wasn't for Phoebe.

She longed passionately for the farm, and she'd dreamed of it every night the past week. The dream, however, was confused. It seemed to be Si's farm but with outlandish changes. Flowering cactus grew in Lilian's dahlia bed, and there had been sheep grazing on the front lawn . . .

Cora Hayes, perched likewise on the prop box, mopped fretfully at her forehead and said, "If there's one kind of job I hate!"

Cora had taken the call this morning, and it was she who had awakened her listless roommate. They were both, declared Cora, wanted at Burbank for a job, to be in make-up and costume by noon. It was now two, and the crew had only just set up the camera. A sticky, acrid - smelling smog, seeping over from Los Angeles way, had obscured the blistering sun till now.

"I don't mind risking my neck," said Cora, poking viciously at her sunbonnet, "but I hate these fool sequences where you get stuff in your hair and skin! 'Specially weather like this. At least," she grumbled, "there can't be any rehearsals. They can't fool around with tar."

"Tar?" echoed Phoebe vacantly.

"And all because the stars can't play it straight. That script girl told me they've been shooting this turkey eight months. They finished it once, and it was too awful to release. So now they're playing it for laughs. If the principals take enough comic falls, the execs figure nobody'll notice what hams they are."

"Who?" murmured Phoebe, pondering those sheep. "Who's in it?"

"Some new Swede—she's who you're doubling for. I'm the heavy's double. They get in this light because the Swedish babe's muscling in on the heavy's boy friend. That's Andy Ingram. He's a government agent pretending—"

Phoebe said in a strange voice, "Who did you say?"

Cora turned and looked at her. "What'sa matter?"

"Andy Ingram," repeated Phoebe, and began to tremble.

"Now, don't," exclaimed Cora, at once bored and incredulous, "tell me you've got a thing about *him*?"

Phoebe merely stared at her, shaking visibly.

Cora said scornfully, "But he's *awful*! World Wide's losing its shirt, trying to make an actor out of him. Why, he was even terrible in those Grade Z horse-operas they ground out."

Phoebe stammered, "But Cora, I just *can't*—"

"Can't what?" snapped Cora, scratching under her dicky at some prickly heat.

The assistant director came by and said, "Okay, kids! We're going to shoot it now."

Phoebe merely blinked at him, and Cora began to lose what little grip she still had on nerves frazzled to harp-strings by the temperature. "Will you kindly come out of it?" she said impatiently.

Phoebe tried dully to free herself as Cora dragged her past the façades of a feed store and a bank, then across the baking street to where a team and wagon were drawing up before the post office. Cora said venomously, "Wait till you see him in the flesh—you'll wonder what you were thinking of. His hair isn't sunburned—it's bleached! Dyed gold, with a front-piece!"

Phoebe cried, momentarily stung to protest, "That's not true!"

"Well, it is true! His old lady was a silent-picture star, that's how he got in those quickies. He was a soda-jerk in a drive-in for years! Why, he can't even *mount* that poor Tumbleweed, let alone ride him."

Phoebe said desperately, trying to throw off Cora's hand, "I don't care! I just don't want to see him!"

"You haven't much choice," observed Cora, "because there he is!"

In spite of herself, Phoebe was driven

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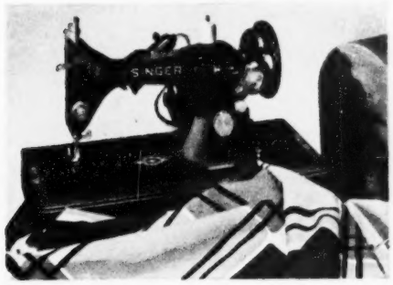

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to look. He was walking down the dusty street straight toward her—just as he'd come that evening on Franklin Street a week ago. He wore his chaps and spurs now, and he was arguing vehemently with the director. Phoebe's heart beat so hard she had to steady herself, but she couldn't turn away.

As the two men passed the wagon Andy Ingram glanced Phoebe's way and his expression changed. It had been petulant as he spoke to the director, but when he saw Phoebe it became one of interested alertness. He observed—audibly enough for everyone in the vicinity to hear—"Some dish!" and nudged the director's arm. Then they'd gone by. And more than anything else Phoebe was left with the staggering realization that his hair *was* dyed! The sun had struck it brassily just as he glanced around.

"Well," said Cora waspishly, "looks like your dream boy likes you, too."

Phoebe said, reeling anew, "But it's impossible!"

"Oh, no, it's not. He goes for every female on a set," Cora maintained in an acid voice, the sun bringing out her shrewish streak, "so don't be flattered."

The assistant director bustled up, having distributed the extras at various points nearby, to explain the action. "You, Cora, come out of the post office and see—what's your name? Phoebe, here, standing by the wagon reading a letter while she waits for Mr. Ingram. There's no sound track and no dialogue—it's all pantomime, and we'll cut in close-ups of the stars later on. You recognize Phoebe, holding it a second, then you go to the wagon and grab up a fistful of tar—the whole back end's full of it. Then you turn and jerk her around and throw it in her face. Phoebe, after she does that—" He broke off and demanded querulously, "will you please *listen*? We've got to do this in one take, you know."

"I'm sorry," mumbled Phoebe, and tried to focus his face.

"All right, after she plasters you with the tar, you wipe it out of your eyes and grab up that old bucket on the front seat and dip it in the back of the wagon. Then you throw the whole bucketful in Cora's face. Except just as you throw it—"

His voice droned on, but Phoebe scarcely heard it. Something was horribly wrong. Did crazy people feel like this? that everyone in the world was in some kind of conspiracy which they themselves couldn't penetrate?

It was inexplicable: that evening a week ago Andy Ingram had seemed, at least in appearance, all that she'd conceived him to be. While just now the man who walked past and leered at her had seemed someone else altogether. The answer perhaps was the starlight on that occasion a week ago. It had concealed the lines of weakness, of self-indulgence, which the sun had shown up plain. And that hideous, dyed-gold hair!

A prop man thrust a letter in her hand. Cora groaned, "Phoebe, you gotta get hold of yourself! They're gonna start shooting!"

Dazed, Phoebe glanced around to see the camera trained her way from its platform across the street. A whistle blew piercingly as Cora vanished into the post office; then someone cried "Action!" and the little Western town sprang to life.

MOTHERS...

When you buy or make Children's Garments—Choose

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Dress of 'Viyella' Madonna Tartan

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(Fellow washing instructions)

For children of every age you can make or buy smart looking clothes in 'Viyella' Flannel—blouse, skirt, dress, pyjamas, play-suit or school uniform. There is no limit to the dress-making possibilities of long-wearing, versatile 'Viyella'.

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'Viyella' Flannel is sold at all leading stores. (Lux Tested)

William Hollins & Company Ltd.
Dept. S, 266 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Extras strolled past Phoebe on cue. She lowered her eyes blindly and stared at the sheet of paper she was supposed to be reading. But her thoughts jangled hopelessly; her head seemed a kaleidoscope, furiously shaken. Could it be, actually, that she *was* mad? Almost anyone would say so, learning she'd made her way across a continent to a man who never knew she existed. No, not a man, she told herself piteously. A dream. And it had turned to nightmare, now.

Her stupor was shattered in as rude a way as possible. She felt her elbow seized, she was spun around, and she saw a flash of Cora's face. A second later something hot, sticky, and immeasurably distasteful struck Phoebe full in the face. She stood gasping, sputtering, rubbing ineffectually at her eyes as she tried to catch her breath. Cora, meanwhile, urged frantically, "The bucket! In the front seat—hurry!"

Phoebe gazed through the vile stuff dripping from her wig and bonnet and declared with sudden conviction, "Cora, it wasn't him."

"The *bucket!*" squealed Cora. "Grab it and fill it and then *throw* it at me, will you?"

Phoebe turned nervelessly, detected the bucket, and took it up as Cora demanded. Then she swung it down into the wagonload of tar. But her thoughts were churning once more. Because she knew—she absolutely *knew*—that the man on the hillside hadn't been the same as the one who'd just passed and leered at her! Mr. Jones, in fact, *was* Mr. Jones! But who could Mr. Jones be?"

As she turned to Cora and heaved back the bucket as she hurled its contents full into Cora's imploring face

Phoebe seemed to see Mr. Jones again. Nor was this a delusion. What had happened was that Cora stepped aside, and there was Mr. Jones where Cora had stood. He was gazing raptly toward Phoebe. Gazing, that is, till the tar struck him. Then, of course, his eyes were plastered shut. Phoebe cried out, on a stricken bleat, "Oh!"

"You did it right!" Cora hissed in a frenzy. "It was supposed to hit him! Now, grab another bucketful and throw it at *me!*"

The towhaired man had wiped some of the mess from his face by now. His eyes blinked out tenderly at Phoebe. With the simplest gesture in the world he took her dripping fingers and said, "I went to every one of those houses, tryin' to locate you."

Phoebe mopped at her face with her sleeve, though this made no appreciable improvement. She smiled up at him shyly and said with apology, "And I thought you were Andy Ingram!"

"Bless your heart," he told her gently, and squeezed her hand. "That's how I knew for sure about your bein' the sweetest girl I ever met—pushin' me over the cliff thataway, thinkin' I was him givin' you a line. I'm just his double, honey. He's frail, Ingram is; can't take too much roughin' up."

But even with the coal-tar dripping from his face, he looked more like Andy Ingram than Andy Ingram did. Or could it be, Phoebe wondered fleetingly, that he looked—simply—like The Dream? Had it never been Andy Ingram at all? Just an image—superficially like Andy Ingram—that had been always in her heart?

"Let's get out of here," Mr. Jones was suggesting. "I don't downright need this job—I got enough to get my ranch back on its feet, I figger."

"Let's," murmured Phoebe, and she was dimly aware of pandemonium somewhere. It seemed entirely unimportant. There were, however, one's manners. She turned and smiled at her roommate and said, "Thanks a lot for everything, Cora! You sure have been a good friend."

Cora, sagged back against the wagon, had abandoned hope of fathoming any of this. Crazed with the heat was the only theory that occurred to her. "That's okay," she said, and feebly waved one hand.

As the director, the assistant director, and the collective crew charged at them from across the street (weren't a thousand World Wide dollars going down the drain with every second's delay?) Mr. Jones gave Phoebe his arm. At the same time her other arm was snatched at savagely by the director. "See here—" he began in a wrathful voice, but that was as far as he got.

Without taking his eyes from Phoebe's, Mr. Jones put out a hand and gave the director a shove. It was a brief but consequential gesture, not unlike a Louis uppercut. The wrathful gentleman careened back against the wagon with such force that the side of it gave way altogether. Director, assistant, and Andy Ingram—who'd strolled over, all trusting innocence, to see what the fuss was—were deluged from the knees down by a flood of tar. And this was merely the beginning. A number of flunkies, anxious and appalled, immediately rushed forward to help, but the slippery mess underfoot was treacherous. The crew, the director, and the star, clutching at one another, went down in a screeching mass.

Phoebe and Mr. Jones moved past the people shrieking imprecations at them as if they strolled alone on an Arizona plain. "Funny . . ." pondered Mr. Jones. "At first sight, wasn't it? Like in the movies."

"*So* romantic," agreed Phoebe on a throb, and clung closer to him.

And it was for possibly the first time, in a vague sort of way, that a realistic thought struck Phoebe. She would never, she determined happily, let Mr. Jones realize to what extent she'd confused him with Andy Ingram. Or Andy Ingram with him, rather. Because to try to explain all that to him, plainly enough, wouldn't be romantic . . . ✚

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Simplicity Patterns
Mother 3170
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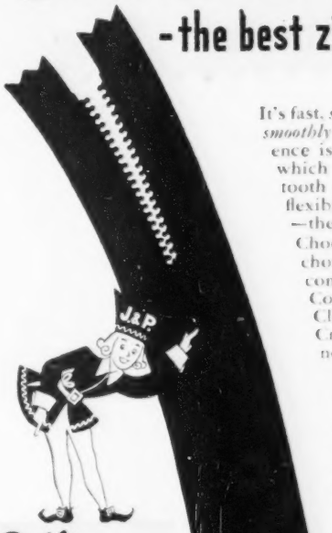

It's fast, *sure* zipping when a Crown zipper *smoothly* slides open—closed! The difference is in the exclusive *die-cast* process which moulds each individual zipper tooth to the tape *permanently*. Crown is flexible, strong, completely dependable—the best zipper you can buy!

Choose *your* Crown Zipper, then choose a good thread match from the complete range of shades in the J. & P. Coats' Boilfast (R) Supersheen or Clark's Anchor thread. Ask for Crown by name—at your favourite notion counter.

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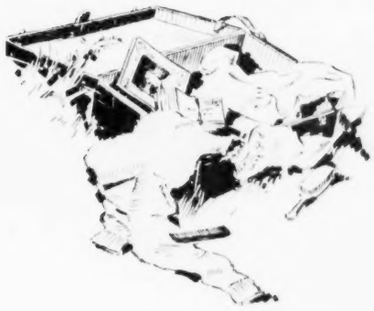

THE YELLOW SWEATER

Continued from page 16

the warm weather was approaching, he thought. The roads were becoming cluttered up once more with hitch-hikers. Why the government didn't clamp down on them was more than he could understand. Why should people pay taxes so that other lazy bums could fritter away their time roaming the country, getting free rides, going God knows where? They were dangerous too. It was only the week before that two of them had beaten up and robbed a man on this very same road. They stood a fat chance of him stopping to pick them up.

And yet they always thumbed him, or almost always. When they didn't he felt cheated, as a person does when he makes up his mind not to answer another's greeting, only to have them pass by without noticing him.

He glanced at his face in the rear-view mirror. It was a typical middle-aged businessman's face, plump and well barbered, the shiny skin stretched taut across the cheeks. It was a face that was familiar to him not only from his possession of it, but because it was also the face of most of his friends. What was it the speaker at that service club luncheon had called it? "The physiognomy of success."

As he turned a bend in the road he saw the girl about a quarter of a mile ahead. She was not on the pavement, but was walking slowly along the shoulder of the highway, bent over with the weight of the bag she was carrying. He slowed down, expecting her to turn and thumb him, but she plodded on as though impervious to his approach. He sized her up as he drew near. She was young by the look of her back . . . stocking seams straight . . . heels muddy but not run-down. As he passed he stared at her face. She was a good-looking kid, probably 18 or 19.

It was the first time in years that he had slowed down for a hiker. His reasons evaded him, and whether it was the feel of the morning, the fact of his going home, or the girl's independence, he could not tell. Perhaps it was a combination of all three, plus the boredom of a long drive. It might be fun to pick her up, to cross-examine her while she was trapped in the seat beside him.

Easing the big car to a stop about 50 yards in front of her he looked back through the mirror. She kept glancing at the car, but her pace had not changed, and she came on as though she had expected him to stop. For a moment he was tempted to drive on again, angered by her indifference. She was not a regular hitchhiker or she would have waited at the edge of town instead of setting out to walk while carrying such a heavy bag. But there was something about her that compelled him to wait—something which aroused in him an almost forgotten sense of adventure, an eagerness not experienced for years.

She opened the right rear door, saying at the same time, "Thank you very much, sir," in a frightened little voice.

"Put your bag in the back. That's it, on the floor," he ordered, turning toward her with his hand along the back of the seat. "Come and sit up here."

She did as he commanded, sitting very stiff and straight against the door. She was small, almost fragile, with long dark hair that waved where it touched upon the collar of her light-colored topcoat. Despite the warmth of the morning the coat was buttoned, and she held it to her in a way that suggested modesty or fear.

"Are you going very far?" he asked, looking straight ahead through the windshield, trying not to let the question sound too friendly.

"To the city," she answered, with the politeness and eagerness of the recipient of a favor.

"For a job?"

"Well, not exactly," she began. Then she said, "Yes, for a job."

As they passed the next group of farm buildings she stared hard at them, her head turning with her eyes until they were too far back to be seen.

Something about her reminded him of his eldest daughter, but he shrugged off the comparison. It was silly of him to compare the two, one a hitchhiking farm skivvy and the other one soon to come home from finishing school. In his mind's eye he could see the photograph of his daughter Shirley that hung on the wall of the living room. It had been taken with a color camera during the Easter vacation, and in it Shirley was wearing a bright yellow sweater.

"Do you live around here?" he asked, switching his thoughts back to the present.

"I was living about a mile down the road from where you picked me up."

"Sick of the farm?" he asked.

"No." She shook her head slowly.

"Have you anywhere to go to in the city?"

"I'll get a job somewhere."

He turned then and got his first good look at her face. She was pretty, he saw, with the country girl's good complexion, her features small and even. "You're young to be leaving home like this," he said.

Continued on page 46

Suggested colour scheme: Blue Tundra dadoes, Grey Tundra walls, Glossy Black accent strip.

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The Ultra-Modern Decorative Wallboard

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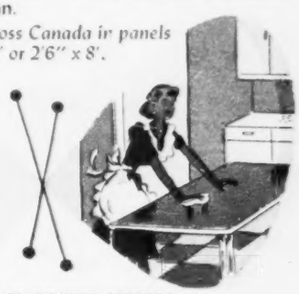

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BY CHARLOTTE McEWAN

SHORT CUTS IN SEWING

A dress in an hour and a half; a skirt in thirty minutes. Learn these new tricks in speedy yet accurate sewing

If you're handy with a sewing machine, if you like to make your own clothes, you can run up a smart dress in one afternoon or a two-piece suit in a day.

The woman who tells you how to do it is Mrs. Edna Byrte Bishop of Pennsylvania. For many years she's worked with pattern companies, ready-to-wear factories and custom houses in New York and Paris. Through this experience she's learned all the tricks on the market when it comes to short cuts to dressmaking.

She doesn't baste; she doesn't even pin. She sits at her machine and turns out a dress in an hour and a half. A skirt is a 30-minute job. And the strangest part about it is that they look as if they had come out of a most exclusive shop.

Watch That "Grain"

How does she do it? First, last and always it is "grain." The grain is the lengthwise and crosswise threads that are woven together at right angles to produce fabric. When the fabric is carefully straightened, cut with the grain running exactly as indicated by the pattern pieces, stitched and finally pressed with the grain-line preserved throughout, the result is a well-made garment. "If the grain is the least bit off direction, nothing on earth will make a dress hang correctly," says Mrs. Bishop.

According to traditional methods some women take a whole afternoon basting a dress together by hand for a first fitting, even when there are no alterations necessary. That's an afternoon wasted, to her mind. Seams running grain-line don't require basting. When there are off-grain edges to be seamed, they will stay together if you *machine*-stitch them from the wide to the narrow: for instance from the hem to the waist of a skirt: then you won't have to baste there either. The waist ends should come together without the deviation of a thread.

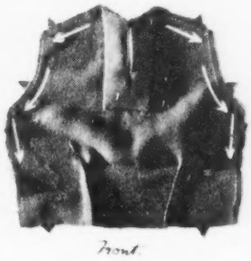
When one side of a seam happens to be more off-grain than the other, as in a seam over the bustline, you can place the more bias one on the top and ease it in with the fingers of your left hand as you go along. This is where you may fall down in this new sewing practice. You need a pin or two to keep the easing even, especially around the sleeve, but with practice that feeling for grain will come to your fingers.

Neckline, shoulders, armholes and side-placket of ✦ *Continued on page 57*

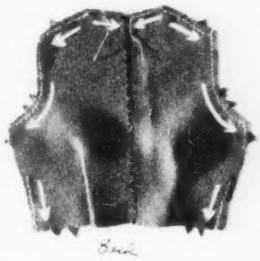
Finger tests off-grain stretching. Stitch direction it stretches least for grain perfection.

Tracing wheel and tracing paper mark construction details neatly, accurately, eliminate pins.

Baste-stitching keeps centre backs, fronts, line perfect. Notches are cut out, not in.



Completing a unit before joining to another saves time, handling . . . darts, etc.



Stay-stitching with the grain keeps bias from stretching. Arrows indicate the grain.

Pull baste-stitch thread gently on wrong side to adjust easing at top of sleeves.

sun-resisting *washproof*

SANDERSON *Fabrics*

Take time in choosing the colours you enjoy, for they're

going to stay with you through sunshine and laundering . . . cool and bright as flowers on water.

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THE FASHION IN A PATTERN

Fashion has a bright new face for spring and she will wear it the year round. Her colors are fresh as a house with a new coat of paint. Her fabrics are an inspiration to those who make fashion at home . . . abstract and floral prints in pure silk, shantung in pale creamy colors, featherlight flannels, paper taffetas, cottons with a new texture. There are brand-new accents to spike your imagination. Linen takes on velvet cuffs and a collar to match. Silk shows off fine braid trim. Cotton wears rhinestone buttons. You, as your own stylist, will take your cue from patterns designed for these fabrics. You'll find a softened line in skirts, slim and graceful or fluid and full. All easy to wear. All yours for the making.

3366

3436

No. 3366 is a slim two-piece style for a dress or suit. Make it of featherlight flannel for your spring suit or of soft-hearted shantung for a dress. The tucked yoke line extends into the sleeves.

No. 3436 (upper right) is a one-piece dress with a suit look which has its own short-sleeved, wide-cuffed jacket. Make it of pure silk and trim cuffs and collar with velvet.

No. 3555, a perfect town suit is this. The abbreviated jacket has a stiff little peplum and three-quarter sleeves following the figure of fashion. The stem-slim skirt gives it a trim narrow look.

No. 8362. Another suit dress for almost any fabric you can think of. The jutting pockets and button trim emphasize the nipped-in waistline. The double-breasted jacket is bound around the collar and cuffs to match trim on pockets.

For Simplicity pattern prices and details for ordering see page 70

3555

8362

Millions of women have now bought *Billions* of Tampax

It's a fact that this revolutionary product (Tampax) has recently made astonishing progress in the field of monthly sanitary protection for women. It would be difficult to find a drug or notion counter in Canada which could not furnish Tampax at a moment's notice . . . and it would be equally difficult to find a purse so small that milady could not slip into it a *whole month's* supply of Tampax!

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Yellow Sweater

Continued from page 41

"That wasn't my home," she murmured. "I was living with my Aunt Bernice and her husband."

He noticed that she did not call the man her uncle.

"You sound as though you don't like the man your aunt is married to?"

"I hate him!" she whispered vehemently.

To change the subject he said, "You've chosen a nice day to leave, anyhow."

"Yes."

He felt a slight tingling along his spine. It was the same feeling he had experienced once when sitting in the darkened interior of a movie house beside a strange yet, somehow, intimate young woman. The feeling that if he wished he had only to let his hand fall along her leg . . . "You're not very talkative," he said, more friendly now.

She turned quickly and faced him. "I'm sorry. I was thinking about—about a lot of things."

"It's too nice a morning to think of much," he said. "Tell me more about your reasons for leaving home."

"I wanted to get away, that's all."

He stared at her again, letting his eyes follow the contours of her body. "Don't tell me you're in trouble?"

She lowered her eyes to her hands. They were engaged in twisting the clasp on a cheap black handbag. "I'm not in trouble like that," she said slowly, although the tone of her voice belied her words.

He waited for her to continue. There was a sense of power in being able to question her like this without fear of having to answer any questions himself. He said, "There can't be much else wrong. Was it boy trouble?"

"Yes, that's it," she answered eagerly.

"Where's the boy? Is he back there or in the city?"

"Back there," she answered.

He was aware of her nearness, of her young body beside him on the seat. "You're too pretty to worry about one boy," he said, trying to bridge the gap between them with unfamiliar flattery.

She did not answer him, but smiled nervously in homage to his remark.

They drove on through the morning and by skilful questioning he got her to tell him more about her life. She had been born near the spot where he had picked her up, she said. She was an orphan, 18 years old, who for the past three years had been living on her uncle's farm. On his part he told her a little about his job, but not too much. He spoke in generalities, yet he let her see how important he was in his field.

They stopped for lunch at a drive-in restaurant outside a small town. While they were eating he noticed that some of the other customers were staring at them. It angered him until he realized that they probably thought she was his mistress. This flattered him and he tried to imagine that it was true. During the meal he became animated, and he laughed loudly at his risqué little jokes.

She ate sparingly, politely, not knowing what to do with her hands between courses. She smiled at the things he said, even at the remarks that were obviously beyond her.

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but can't get started

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After they had finished their lunch he said to her jovially, "Here, we've been traveling together for two hours and we don't even know each other's names yet."

"Mine's Marie. Marie Edwards."

"You can call me Tom," he said expansively.

When he drew out his wallet to pay the check he was careful to cover the initials G. G. M. with the palm of his hand.

As they headed down the highway once again, Marie seemed to have lost some of her timidity and she talked and laughed with him as though he were an old friend. Once he stole a glance at her through the corner of his eye. She was staring ahead as though trying to unveil the future that was being overtaken by the onrushing car.

"A penny for your thoughts, Marie," he said.

"I was just thinking how nice it would be to keep going like this forever."

"Why?" he asked, her words revealing an unsuspected facet to her personality.

"I dunno," she answered, rubbing the palm of her hand along the upholstery of the seat in a gesture that was wholly feminine. "It seems so safe here somehow." She smiled as though apologizing for thinking such things. "It seems as if nothing bad could ever catch up to me again."

He gave her a quick glance before staring ahead at the road.

The afternoon was beautiful, the warm dampness of the fields bearing aloft the smell of uncovered earth and budding plants. The sun-warmed pavement sang like muted violins beneath the spinning tires of the car. The clear air echoed the sound of life and growth and the urgency of spring.

As the miles clicked off, and they were brought closer to their inevitable parting, an idea took shape in his mind and grew with every passing minute. Why bother hurrying home, he asked himself. After all he hadn't notified his wife to expect him, and he wasn't due back until tomorrow.

He wondered how the girl would react if he should suggest postponing the rest of the trip overnight. There was a tourist camp on the shore of a small lake about 20 miles north of the highway. No one would be the wiser, he told himself. They were both fancy free.

The idea excited him, yet he found that he was too timid to suggest it. He tried to imagine how he must appear to the girl. The picture he conjured up was of a mature figure, inclined to stoutness, much older than she was in years but not in spirit. Many men his age had formed liaisons with young women. In fact it was the accepted thing among some of the other travelers he knew.

But there remained the voicing of the question. She appeared so guileless, so innocent of his intentions. And yet it was hard to tell; she wasn't as innocent as she let on.

She interrupted his train of thought. "On an afternoon like this I'd like to paddle my feet in a stream," she said.

"I'm afraid the water would be pretty cold."

"Yes it would be cold, but it'd be nice too. When we were kids we used to go paddling in the creek behind the schoolhouse. The water was strong with

Work makes hands UGLY! "I'm a fashion model, but I design all my own clothes and paint as a hobby in my spare time," says lovely Elaine Stewart. "And since a photographer's camera shows up red, rough, ugly hands very clearly, it's important that I give my hands the best care—every single day!"

Medicated care makes hands LOVELY! "My hand beauty secret is regular use of greaseless, medicated Noxzema," she continues. "This remarkable cream helps protect my hands against the roughening effects of the art materials I use . . . helps keep my hands looking soft, white and lovely!"

Lovelier Hands in 24 Hours

... or your money back!

Medicated Hand Care Helps Red, Rough "Working Hands" Look Softer, Whiter, Smoother

● Read these experiences of women who use Noxzema hand care . . . women who know what remarkable results it can bring. Then, if *your* hands are red, rough and chapped from your daily work, housework or dishwashing . . . you can help them look lovelier *in 24 hours*. In actual clinical tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed definite improvement—often within 24 hours—with regular Noxzema care. See how this *medicated* hand care can help your hands look softer, smoother and lovelier—quickly!

Read what Noxzema can do for you

1. Soften, smooth and whiten those unattractive, red, rough "Working Hands"!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, sore, chapped skin!
3. *Help heal* those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil and moisture to the outer surface of the skin!
5. And—it's a snow white, dainty *greaseless* cream!

Chapped hands are cut hands— they hurt! *Medicated* Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—and soothes the soreness—quickly. It helps those raw, chapped hands feel so much better and look so much lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands" to Smooth, Soft Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough, let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. This *medicated* cream makes unsightly "Housework Hands" softer, smoother and whiter—often overnight! And it's *greaseless*—never leaves hands feeling "sticky"!

Noxzema Works—or Money Back

No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, *medicated* Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in your hands—in 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Toronto—your money back.

Special! For a limited time only, you can get the big 10 oz. jar of Noxzema for only $1.00—*twice as much for your money!* Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Canadian Women Praise New Hand Care with Greaseless, Medicated Noxzema!

Barbara Ellis, Toronto hair stylist, says: "Salon work is very hard on my hands, particularly since they chap very easily. But they always look their 'Sunday Best,' because Noxzema has been my regular hand care for years. It's a great help, too, in preventing hands from becoming chapped."

Patricia McFarlane, Ottawa artist, says: "Noxzema keeps my hands soft and smooth—even through our hard winters. I use this *greaseless* cream regularly, and find it more effective than any other I've tried. It's the perfect cream for my skin, which has a tendency to become dry and chapped."

NOXZEMA
SKIN CREAM
Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

Are you in the know?

How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess—

☐ Hire a caterer ☐ Take an airlines job ☐ Give a "twenties" party

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree—with gals rigged up in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours. Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And if calendar problems threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex.

With that new, downy softness that *holds its shape*, you're set for hours of comfort—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. And those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. (No fear that anyone "knows," with Kotex.) So, as a confident hostess—you'll be "the bee's knees"!

Which keeps your velvet duds date-worthy?

☐ A steam iron
☐ Cellophane tape
☐ Mothballs

Those velvets and velveteens you're strutting in, nowadays, need to be dewrinkled. Definitely. Never *iron* velvet; hang your duds in a steam-filled bathroom. Cellophane tape wrapped around your fingers (sticky side out), picks up lint. Date-worthy clothes must have good care. And it makes good sense, on "those" days, to take care that you get Kotex. That *safety center* gives *extra* protection. Keeps you *de*flustered!

If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?

☐ Be brief
☐ Linger on the line
☐ "Sorry, wrong number."

You chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for *his* call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for you. But at problem time, one of the *3 Kotex absorbencies* will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG.

How to prepare for certain days?

☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute, buy a new Kotex belt *now*.

Kotex Sanitary Belt . . . Buy two—for a change!

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) Won't you try Delsey, next time?

We Pick the Pattern of the Month

Simplicity pattern No. 3442 is a winning combination for that new Spring suit. It won our hearts with its neat little horseshoe collar, with its squared-off boxy jacket, with its perky flap pockets and its reed-slim skirt. The very nature of the style lends itself to any one of the season's most popular colors . . . but especially to your favorite. You'll wear it dressed up with a flower on the lapel and your prettiest Easter bonnet. You'll wear it casually with a pretty sweater, a wispy scarf. But most important—you'll wear it the year round.

See page 70 for Simplicity pattern prices and details for ordering.

Continued from page 46

the spring freshet and it would tug at our ankles and send a warm ticklish feeling up to our knees. The smooth pebbles on the bottom would make us twist our feet and we'd try to grab them with our toes—I guess I must sound crazy," she finished.

No longer hesitant he said, "I'm going to turn the car into one of these side roads, Marie. On a long trip I usually like to park for a while under some trees. It makes a little break in the journey."

She nodded her head happily. "That would be nice," she said.

He turned the car off the highway and they traveled north along a road that curved gently between wide stretches of steaming fields. The speed of the car was seemingly increased by the drumming of gravel against the insides of the fenders.

It was time to bring the conversation back to a more personal footing, so he asked, "What happened between you and your boy friend, Marie?" He had to raise his voice above the noise of the hurtling stones.

"Nothing much," she answered, hesitating as though making up the answer. "We had a fight, that's all."

"Serious?"

"I guess so."

"What happened? Did he try to get a little gay maybe?"

She dropped her head, and he could see the color rising along her neck and into the hair behind her ears.

"Does that embarrass you?" he asked, taking his hand from the wheel and placing it along the collar of her coat.

She tensed herself at his touch and tried to draw away, but he grasped her shoulder and pulled her against him. He could feel the fragility of her beneath his hand and the trembling of her skin beneath the cloth of her coat. The odor of her hair and of some cheap scent filled his nostrils.

She cried, "Don't, please!" and broke away from the grip of his hand. She inched herself into the far corner of the seat again.

"You're a little touchy, aren't you?" he asked, trying to cover up his embarrassment at being repulsed so quickly.

"Why did you have to spoil it?"

His frustration kindled a feeling of anger against her. He knew her type all right. Pretending that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, while all the time she was secretly laughing at him for being the sucker who picked her up, bought her a lunch, and drove her into town. She couldn't fool him; he'd met her type before.

He swung the car down a narrow lane, and they flowed along over the rutted wheel tracks.

"Where are we going?" she asked, her voice apprehensive now.

"Along here a piece," he answered, trying to keep his anger from showing.

"Where does this road lead?"

"I don't know. Maybe there's a stream you can paddle in."

There was a note of relief in her voice as she said, "Oh! I didn't mean for us—for you to find a stream."

"You don't seem to know *what* you mean, do you?"

She became silent then and seemed to shrink farther into the corner.

The trees became thicker until they found themselves in the middle of a small wood. The branches of the hardwoods were mottled green, their buds flicking like fingers in the breeze. He brought the car to a stop against the side of the road.

The girl watched him, the corners of her mouth trembling with fear. She slid her hand up the door and grabbed the handle. He tried to make his voice matter-of-fact as he said, "Well, here we are."

Her eyes ate into his face like those of a mesmerized rabbit watching a snake.

He opened a glove compartment and pulled out a package of cigarettes. He offered the package to her, but she shook her head.

"Let's get going," she pleaded.

"What, already? Maybe we should make a day of it."

She did not speak, but the questions stood in her eyes.

He leaned back against the seat, puffing on his cigarette. "There's a tourist camp on a lake a few miles north of here. We could stay there and go on to the city tomorrow."

She stifled a gasp. "I can't. I didn't think—I had no idea when we—"

He pressed his advantage. "Why can't you stay? Nobody'll know. I may be in a position to help you. You'll need help you know."

"No. No, I couldn't," she answered. Her eyes filled with tears.

He had not expected her to cry. Perhaps he had been wrong in his

Continued on page 50

Trushay is the only hand lotion designed to

Guard Hands From Damage

before it happens

The "beforehand" lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water

Here's a lotion so rich in protection you can apply it even BEFORE starting your chores—it guards your hands right *in* hot, sudsy water. Actually helps *prevent* drying, chapping damage. Keeps your hands soft and smooth *while you work!*

Use Tru-hay as you would any ordinary lotion—as a skin softener, a body rub, a powder base. Always smooth it on before you go out in wintry weather. Creamy Trushay makes your skin softer—guards against chapping. But remember, Trushay is the lotion specially designed to use "beforehand"—to stop hand damage before it starts!

Begin to-day to use **TRUSHAY**

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

estimation of her. He felt suddenly bored with the whole business and ashamed of the feelings she had ignited in him.

"Please take me back to the highway," she said, pulling a carefully folded handkerchief from her handbag.

"Sure. In a few minutes." He wanted time to think things out, to find some way of saving face.

"You're just like he was," she blurted out, her words distorted by her handkerchief. "You're all the same."

Her outburst frightened him. "Marie," he said, reaching over to her. He wanted to quiet her, to show her that his actions had been the result of an old man's foolish impulse.

As soon as his hand touched her shoulder she gave a short cry and twisted the door handle. "No. No, please!" she shouted.

"Marie, come here!" he cried, trying to stop her. He grabbed her by the shoulder, but she tore herself from his grasp and fell through the door.

She jumped up from the road and staggered back through the grass into the belt of trees. Her stockings and the bottom of her coat were brown with mud.

"Don't follow me!" she yelled.

"I'm not going to follow you. Come back here and I'll drive you back to the city."

"No you don't! You're the same as he was!" she cried. "I know your tricks!"

He looked about him at the deserted stretch of trees, wondering if anybody could be listening. It would place him in a terrible position to be found with her like this. Pleading with her he said, "Come on Marie. I've got to go."

She began to laugh hysterically, her voice reverberating through the trees.

"Marie, come on," he coaxed. "I won't hurt you."

"No! Leave me alone. Please leave me alone!"

His pleas only seemed to make things worse. "I'm going," he said hurriedly, pulling the car door shut.

"Just leave me alone!" she cried. Then she began sobbing. "Bernice! Bernice!"

She had him mixed up with somebody else. What dark fears had been released by his actions of the afternoon he did not know, but they frightened and horrified him. He turned the car around in the narrow lane and let it idle for a moment as he waited, hoping she would change her mind. She pressed herself deeper into the trees, wailing at the top of her voice.

From behind him came a racking noise from down the road, and he looked back and saw a tractor coming around a bend. A man was driving it and there was another one riding behind. He put the car in gear and stepped on the gas.

Before the car reached the first turn beneath the trees he looked back. The girl was standing in the middle of the road beside the tractor and she was pointing his way and talking to the men. He wondered if they had his license number, and what sort of a story she was telling them.

He had almost reached the highway again before he remembered her suitcase standing on the floor behind the front seat. His possession of it seemed to tie him to the girl; to make him partner to her terror. He pulled the car to a quick stop, leaned over the back of the seat, and picked the suitcase up from the floor. Opening the door he tossed it lightly to the side of the road with a feeling of relief. The frail clasp on the cheap bag opened as it hit the ground and its contents spilled into the ditch. There was a framed photograph, some letters and papers held together with an elastic band, a comb and brush, and some clothing, including a girl's yellow sweater.

"I'm no thief," he said, pushing the car into motion again, trying to escape from the sight of the opened bag. He wasn't to blame for the things that had happened to her. It wasn't his fault that her stupid little life was spilled there in the ditch.

"I've done nothing wrong," he said as if pleading his case with himself. But there was a feeling of obscene guilt beating in his brain like a reiteration. Something of hers seemed to attach itself to his memory. Then suddenly he knew what it was—the sweater, the damned yellow sweater. His hands trembled around the wheel as he sent the car hurtling toward the safe anonymity of the city.

He tried to recapture his feelings of the morning, but when he looked at himself in the mirror all he saw was the staring face of a fat, frightened old man.

More Money

Continued from page 24

their ingenuity and cheerful spirits when it comes to making a plan work.

List your income and the amount you will have to spend in the coming year. Income may be from salary, wages, your own business, professional services, commissions, annuities or rents.

Even though your income is irregular, you can make an estimate. Thousands of salesmen, professional workers and small businessmen make rough estimates of their yearly earnings and expenses to serve as guides.

Now, get a clear picture of:
Your Future Fixed expenses
Future Flexible expenses
Day-to-Day living costs
Past Due bills and
Your Personal Allowances.

Future Fixed Expenses are large bills such as monthly rent or mortgage payments, insurance of all types, taxes, union and professional association dues, annuities, car licenses, school tuition, and regular payments on a home, furniture or car. Such bills are a source of confusion to families who do not have a spending plan, for large amounts can seldom be paid out of one month's income. Note the dates on which large bills are due. Then divide each total by the number of months preceding payment and set money aside in a reserve fund. For example, if a $72 insurance bill is due in three months, you will need to set aside $24 for each of the next three months. However, you will need to set aside only $6 a month for each of the following 12 months. List your Past Due bills in the same manner. Reduce each total into monthly payments. Mark the dates when each will be paid off. A goal of "nodebts" is an exciting one to work for.

You sheltered the homeless

As the floods rose, hope went down. And then . . . your Red Cross was "on the job"! As thousands of flood-stricken Canadians thankfully received emergency food and shelter, their gratitude went out to *you* — who through your Red Cross contributions helped make possible this merciful relief.

The Manitoba *and Fraser Valley Floods . . . the "Noronic" tragedy* . . . the disastrous fires at *Rimouski* and *Cabano* . . . never before has the peacetime demand on Red Cross services and funds been so great. And never more than today — as your town and others coast-to-coast plan for the vital needs of civil defence — has your Red Cross so needed your help to prepare for the tasks of tomorrow.

Who knows *what these tasks may be?* Give generously to support Red Cross services for Disaster, Veterans, Free Blood Transfusion, Outpost Hospitals and Civil Defence Training. Give today, to *keep your Red Cross strong.*

$5,000,000
IS NEEDED NOW
TO MEET
TOMORROW'S NEEDS

the work of mercy never ends....

Give!

CANADIAN RED CROSS

Future Flexible expenses include such things as contributions to church, charities, fraternal, professional and social groups;

annual subscriptions to magazines;
medical and dental care;
home furnishings;
large items of clothing;
gifts and entertaining.

Because the amounts paid for each are flexible, many people fail to list them in a budget. Yet they always occur. No amount of pretending will divert Christmas and weddings, new babies and graduations, all of which call for gifts. Unexpected guests are sure to arrive. Your office or club associates will press you to chip in for some good cause. Be realistic and make some estimate for these costs. Flexible expenses can be your downfall. They also can help you balance the budget.

Day-to-Day Costs

Now, make a complete list of Day-to-Day living costs including

food,
laundry,
dry cleaning,
help, and utilities,
bathroom and household supplies,
repairs,
car upkeep and transportation,
entertaining at home.

If you have never kept records, you may not know what figures to use here. List actual expenditures for several months till you know exactly how much you'll need to spend and until your plan is in smooth running order.

The secret heart of a good budget is known as a "Personal Allowance." Each member of a family, including mother, should have a private allowance for daily and personal expenses such as bus fare, lunches, supplies, small clothing items, cosmetics, recreation. An allowance gives each person a feeling of independence, a sense of pride and a feeling of responsibility for the whole budget plan. No one should have to account to the others for the spending of his personal allowance, so long as he meets his own obligations. An allowance is a shock absorber for daily living. It is a great comfort to make a mistake or to do an occasional foolish thing without falling into the family spotlight.

Now, does your plan balance? Subtract all expenses from your income and see what you have left for your "wishes." The first time you try, you'll probably find that your listed expenses far exceed your income and that you have absolutely nothing left for that list of wishes. So—your reaction may be despair, or you may throw the whole batch of figures in the wastebasket and explode with highly unflattering remarks about all budget promoters.

Don't Give Up

But this is the time to sharpen your pencil and revise those figures. You've probably been highly inaccurate. You may have been operating your home with colored glasses up to now. You'll have to revise your plans for paying old bills. You'll definitely need to take the next month to experiment, to make new surveys, to learn how to manage the financial aspects of living as skilfully as a businessman. This is where old and young can contribute ideas. This is where talent and wit and imagination and skill can shed new light on your haphazard methods of spending. Once you've established a clear picture of real costs and problems, you'll be sure you can cope with the future.

It's possible to make any spending plan balance. Reread your list of wishes. Remind yourself what you're working for. Then recheck your estimated spending in each department. As you study, you'll find your thoughts clicking new methods, new ways of saving, for things you want.

You'll also find everyone in the family working together with new zest. Divide responsibility. Have a family party once a month. As you check results against estimates you'll be doing more than managing money. You'll be having priceless fun together.

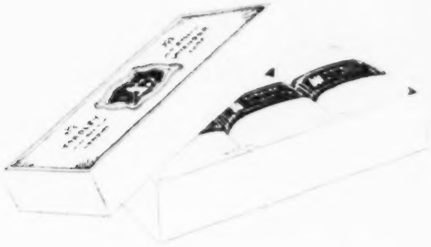
If budgeting seems difficult at first, think of the first time you played tennis or tried to drive a car. Every move seemed clumsy. You didn't catch on as fast as you expected. Yet suddenly, without knowing exactly when, you found your thoughts and muscles co-ordinating. Budgeting is like that at first, awkward and unrewarding. Then suddenly you start manoeuvring without conscious thought. Everything begins to come out better than planned. You've caught the knack of living skilfully in a high-priced world!

For further help with your personal budget problems write to Martha Bennett King, care of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Somewhere in your town or city, in the wide country or the wider world there is someone in need or distress calling for help that only you, through the Red Cross, can give, personal, immediate, organized assistance. Where no one else serves, there you will find the eternal symbol of mercy. It depends on you to see this work never ends. GIVE.

Be Lovely with Lavender . . .

Yardley English Lavender is a subtle creation of Lavender and other rare and precious oils . . . blended into the masterpiece in fragrance. You can enjoy Yardley Lavender as freely as a Toilet Water—yet gain the poise you would seek from a Perfume. To enhance your charm, choose this note of gracious informality—be lovely with Lavender. Yardley English Lavender from $1.25



Lavender Toilet Soap 50c a tablet
box of 3 tablets $1.50

Lavender Dusting Powder $1.75

YARDLEY
ENGLISH
LAVENDER

4 CRISES IN MARRIAGE

Continued from page 19

Many of these marriages are unconsummated, even after several weeks, and family court judges are often amazed and saddened by the sight of a young and handsome couple, healthy, intelligent and seemingly made for each other, who have found that the mere act of living together in the same house is impossible.

Most of these broken honeymoons are the result of certain factors that are so common they can be almost categorized. The main reason, according to Judge Hawley S. Mott of the Toronto Family Court, is that these young people have not learned enough about each other before marriage. "That's what courtships are for; to allow a prospective bride and groom the time to acquaint themselves with each other's personality," he says. It is strange, but most of them show much more discrimination in the choosing of friends than they do in the choosing of mates. Many of these affairs have blossomed under an aura composed of part Hollywood bunk, part romantic fiction and not enough fact.

Had these young people waited a few months before running to the altar most of these marriages would not have ended in a tearful appearance in court. If they had got to know each other first; had seen each other without their war paint; had progressed in their love-making slowly and carefully through a period of courtship, their marriage would probably have lasted through life.

Many of these young brides have only a cursory knowledge of sex, and to them sexual union is something they never associated consciously with marriage to such clean-cut handsome young men as their husbands. On the other hand many of them are afraid that consummation would only tend to show up their former indiscretions. They hide their fears and doubts behind a word they have learned from the confession magazines, incompatibility, which is almost a medical myth when it is applied to the marriage of two normal healthy people.

Marriage Isn't "Playing House"

These same factors, of course, are prevalent in many marriages which do not land on the rocks, but this is because most young people are mentally and emotionally mature enough to overcome them. The brides and grooms who let their marriages down do so mainly because they believe a wedding ring is an open sesame to paradise. Instead it is a symbol that they are of an age to take their place in adult society, and to conduct themselves like men and women rather than spoiled and thwarted children.

All that is necessary to prevent the dissolution of many such marriages is a little self-education on the part of these young people. Many hasty marriages, including those of the shotgun variety, are just as solid as those which took every conventional step. The stumbling block which causes most marital unhappiness is the emotional immaturity of the people involved, whether they are 15 or 50.

The birth of the second child is the next cause of many unhappy marriages. By this time a man and wife are of they are ever going to be—physically and mentally paired, and most marital adjustments are thought to be behind them. The first baby has tied them together with bonds of blood and sinew, and if their love for each other sometimes falters, their love for their offspring is the adhesive that keeps the marriage going. But now along comes a second child to upset the delicate balance of their lives.

Whether he was wanted or not, child number two is an interloper into the compact pattern of small family life. The first baby was a novelty; he gave his parents a feeling of accomplishment, and everything about him was strange and wonderful. The young mother and father gave up much of their freedom in order to stay home and look after him, but this was a voluntary imprisonment that would soon be finished. With the advent of a second child it all has to begin again, and this time without the novelty of the first to sustain it.

Little Quarrels Make Big Ones

The young husband is unconsciously resentful of the imposition on his wife's time and freedom that the new baby demands, and secondhandedly, upon his own freedom as well. He says to himself, "Here we are held down again, just when Sandra or Barry was getting old enough to be left with a baby-sitter. We never get a chance any more to go to the movies or out to parties together." He shows his resentment in a thousand ways; by being moody and peevish in turn around the house, by stopping in for a few drinks on the way home from work, by slamming his way out of the house in the evening to attend such masculine forms of entertainment as sporting events, card games, etc.

His wife, who is unable to escape in this way, becomes resentful of her husband's neglect, and the fires of divorce are only awaiting the application of the match.

One quarrel leads to another, and each one feeds itself on all the misunderstandings of the past. There are bitter denunciations on the part of both husband and wife; he is accused of philandering when he is late getting home in the evening, or when he goes out again after dinner. In turn he accuses his wife of becoming an uninteresting clod, who has sublimated all her former interests into the care of the children. They are both wrong, and each of them knows it, but their frustrations thrive on the hurt they are able to give each other. The atmosphere is now explosive, and an argument which starts over an empty toothpaste tube soon expands until it encompasses the faults of each other's relatives, their lives before marriage, and anything else that can supply fuel to their anger. Oftimes these things go even farther; blows are struck or one or the other leaves the house for good. Then one of them seeks a divorce, or the wife asks for separate maintenance.

When such tragedies occur in some parts of the United States the wife may sue for divorce on the charge of mental cruelty, and when the judge asks for a specific instance, she will answer, "George deserted me because he found the toothpaste tube empty one evening when he came home from work." This bit of intelligence finds its way into the news wire services, and every woman who reads about it asks, "How can a man desert his wife on such a flimsy

Gordon Mackay

LINGERIE

Magic Nylon Tricot

for sheer attractiveness in beautiful lingerie that stays beautiful

Nightgowns, Slips and Panties of Nylon-Tricot. The new fabric of great delicacy and strength.

Now you can indulge in elaborate ruffles and lace which would be quite impractical with a fabric that has to be ironed. Nightgown and Slip are trimmed with white Nylon lace and ruffled Nylon net. The Panty has dainty white Nylon lace trimming.

All Nylon stitching. Gracefully fashioned in pink, blue, white.

Nylon-Tricot Nightgown
S-M-L about $9.75
Slip, 32-42 about $6.50
Panty, S-M-L about $1.98
Nylon Hosiery 8½-11
New paler tones
$1.50 to $2.25

Look for the *Gordon Mackay* label when you shop

pretext as that?" The couple involved, and those who have known them for years, realize that the toothpaste tube was only the percussion cap which set off a chain reaction which had been building up for months. And the same is true of the lady in Kansas City who charged her husband with eating peanuts in bed. Without the real root cause which lay behind the charge this poor man could have even cracked coconuts in bed every night for 40 years without breaking up his marriage.

It is almost a cliché to say that if married people would watch out for the small things the big things would look out for themselves. Most people are not divorced because of infidelity, but through a gradual buildup of little things which annoy the other, or a lessening of mutual interests which each found attractive during the first months or years together.

The last straw breaks the camel's back, and the last aggravating incident breaks up a marriage, whether it is a raw onion sandwich, one more trip on the part of the husband or wife to the beer parlor, one more morning when Mary shuffles around with her hair in curlers, or the one time in his life that a resentful husband finds the toothpaste tube empty.

Several things act as a brake to prevent the anger and frustrations of today from spilling over into tomorrow and being magnified out of all proportions to their worth. One of these brakes is religious opposition to divorce, another is responsibility to the children and the third, and most important, the mature intelligence of both marriage partners which allows them to take misunderstandings and marital disturbances in their stride and laugh them off in the morning. This last ability has kept more marriages together than all the religious faith, applied psychology, family courts and marriage counselors since the world began.

Middle-Age Blues

The third crucial period in marriage is that which occurs when the husband and wife reach an age between 40 and 50 years. By now the children are in their teens or at least old enough to fend for themselves more or less.

The house is quiet now during the evenings, as the young people go their own nocturnal ways. The parents find that though they have acquired the habit of staying at home there is no longer any legitimate reason why they have to. But when the husband tries to drag his wife out to the movies or other entertainment he finds that she has lost her enthusiasm for it. She may accompany him once or twice, but after that there is always some ironing to be done or she is too tired or she has a headache. Perhaps she is experiencing the menopause, and she is emotionally unstable and mentally at odds with herself. The husband hasn't the vaguest idea why she is acting this way, and instead of showing understanding he begins searching outside the home for companionship.

Many husbands who never drank before begin to drink now, and in some cases their drinking patterns progress into hopeless alcoholism. While under the influence of liquor they may also begin chasing after other women. As he grows steadily worse in his drinking the husband spends more and more of his salary for liquor, and may even take it into his head to beat up his wife during his drunken rages. In order to protect the children and what is left of a home-life the wife gets a legal separation or, if she can prove adultery in this country, sues her husband for divorce.

Almost all divorces and separations between people of the age group 40 to 50 could be prevented by the application of a few basic tenets of behavior. First, all husbands should be made aware of both the physical and *emotional* disturbances which occur in their wives during the change of life, and all women should understand that if they cannot give their husbands the companionship they have learned to expect during their married life they are going to seek it elsewhere.

A New Marriage Each Day

The fourth difficult time that occurs in married life is around the age of 65. At this age, when almost everyone expects that marriage should have found its level of unity and contentment, many things can happen to blight it.

Where the man and wife are approximately the same age ill-health may cause a rift between them. Sickness can become an almost insupportable burden on the wife or husband who is well. Besides having to nurse the other, there is the ever-present fear of loss of income, large medical bills and death. To the man and woman who are married

"Be Lux Lovely"... says Joan Fontaine

to a spouse much younger than themselves this age period is also fraught with the fear that the younger partner may go out to find the sociability of people in their own age group. And at this age many men are getting pensioned off from their employment, with the consequent cut in income, and the disturbance to their lives, that this brings about.

When these things occur in a marriage several factors should be considered before the drastic step of separation or divorce is taken. First, unlike younger people in the same circumstances there is little likelihood of either partner getting married again, and a completely lonely old age is a punishment that nobody should seek before exhausting all other roads to reconciliation. At this age also separation or divorce will be treated with levity by friends and neighbors, and it has overtones of indignity that the same course between younger people does not have. A couple who have come so far in their marriage owe it to their children and their memories to stay together for the few years left to them.

It is difficult to summarize causes which are entirely different in thousands of individual cases every year. As Judge Mott says, "Each marriage has its own set of problems, and every case of a marriage going wrong must be treated with a new approach."

In order that you may successfully overcome the four critical periods of your marriage—and the thousands of critical moments which fall between—remember to face your problems with adult understanding. Respect for your partner's feelings and opinions is very essential in all partnerships, especially marriage. A new marriage begins every morning, and you must learn to live it every day, as you live your life. ✚

SHORT CUTS TO SEWING

Continued from page 43

blouse and skirt require stayline protection before stitching to keep the grain from stretching out of shape. A stayline is a regulation machine stitching with matching thread along the off-grain or curved edge of each single layer of material before putting pieces together. This stitching has to be done in a direction to prevent stretching and to hold the grain-line in its correct position, again from the wide to the narrow. (See illustration diagrams where staylines begin and end.) It means breaking thread and changing direction often as you can see, but it is the method used in the better clothing houses to hold stretchy edges in place. It is particularly necessary in woolen materials which often stretch out of shape through their own weight.

Experienced sewers put staylines right on the seamline, ⅝ of an inch from the edge. Beginners can staystitch slightly closer to the edge, then if the stitching isn't perfectly even it will be hidden in the seam allowance. When staystitching placket openings, rounded yoke detail, rolled hems, etc., it is necessary to check the correct direction to hold the grain-line. To do this run your finger along the off-grain edges to see which way stretches the threads apart and which way holds them even. Stitch the way to hold them even.

You can't stitch straight? Try using a gauge. There are metal ones that come with some machines, but a strip of adhesive or Scotch tape stuck on the bed of the machine exactly the distance of the seam allowance (⅝ in.) from the needle gets along quite nicely without your attention.

Of course, a machine has to be in good working order to turn out perfect stitching and seams. The presser foot should be loose enough to let two thicknesses of material slip through without dragging. If one still drags the feed dogs may have to be set lower. When a machine is set properly there is no dragging in seams. And, by the way, Mrs. Bishop always uses mercerized thread except on very heavy coatings because machines are geared for it. Also, she showed us how to lock the stitch at the beginning and end of important seams by stitching over on the first or last stitch. This can be done by pulling the material back gently or by raising the presser foot and guiding the material with the fingers, or both together, according to your machine. After you find out how your machine will handle it best and with a little practice you will be able to make a neat job.

Basting by Machine

A machine will even baste for you, and there are times when basting is necessary for accuracy. Here Mrs. Bishop advocates an elongated stitch in contrasting thread to mark centre fronts,

What a Helper you have in handy Velveeta!

Luncheon Special. Melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in top of double boiler. Stir in ¼ c. milk. Pour that rich (and nutritious!) cheese sauce over toast points topped with hard-cooked egg halves. Garnish with pimento.

You have unexpected guests? These Velveeta sandwiches are sure winners!

When folks drop in, you're all set for "refreshments" with Velveeta on hand. Or when the youngsters demand a hand-out, again to your rescue comes Velveeta (chock-full of fine food values from milk!). What a helper you have in this finest of cheese foods.

For guests or the family try these open-face sandwiches. Spread toast slices (crusts trimmed) with Kraft Mayonnaise. Cover with Velveeta slices. Top with apple rings (which have been brushed with butter or Parkay Margarine, sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled). Add 2 strips of partially broiled bacon. Place in 350° oven until Velveeta is melted and bacon crisp. Serve hot.

GOOD FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

- VELVEETA IS DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!
- RICH IN FOOD VALUES FROM MILK THAT THE WHOLE FAMILY NEEDS.
- PROTECTED! From fresh milk to sealed package this pasteurized process cheese food is protected every step of the way by strict Kraft Quality Control.

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD . . . MADE ONLY BY KRAFT

She thought her face was clean...

***Until* she took the "tissue test"!**

The "Tissue Test" convinced Virginia Mayo, co-star of Warner Bros.' "Captain Horatio Hornblower" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams.

We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth *dry* skin more effectively. The rich, lubricating oils go deeper—dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Touch your face—it's silken soft!

Do you really think *your* face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure. Buy a jar today—20c, 40c, 70c, $1.00.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains ***Penaten***

buttonhole sizes and locations; to baste a seam to be fitted with a fastener or zipper or try out a dart when uncertain of fit. This precaution assures accuracy of line. The long stitches are easily ripped out, both threads at the same time, by pulling them both with the points of a blunted pair of scissors where the under thread loops up at the end.

Dart bastings will come out more easily if not stitched quite to the point. Gathers are made with this elongated stitch too, but in matching thread, and then pulled up on the wrong side of the material. Around the caps of sleeves pull up so gently that no gathers show.

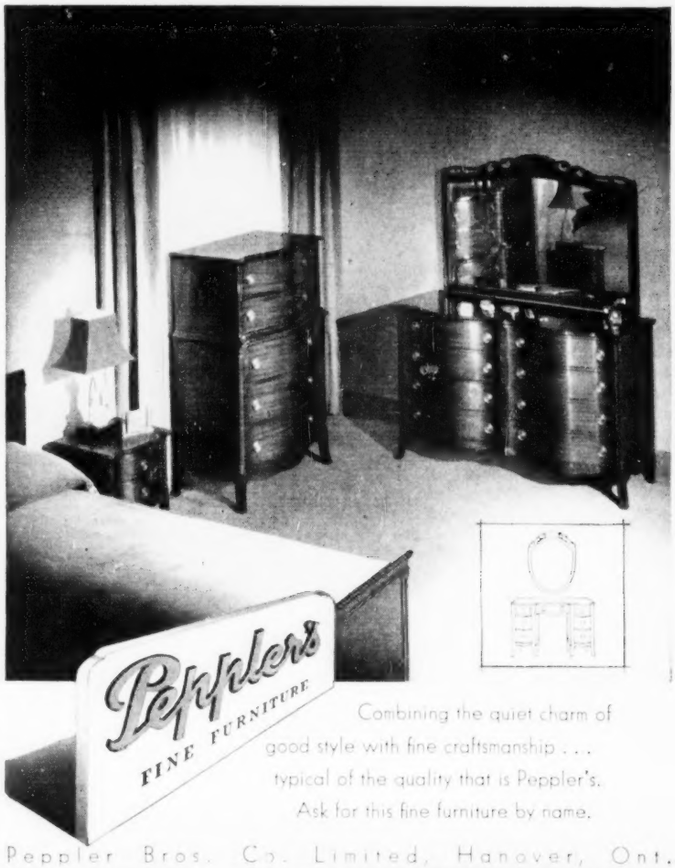
With grain as a key to simplified sewing also comes unit construction. Unit construction saves time, saves handling. The principle is to do as much finishing as possible to complete each part of a garment at one time, without crossing one seam with another. The units piled up make one trip jointly to the ironing board. Every motion saved speeds up the work. Each piece gets its top pressing as it is finished and is given a final pressing before it is set into a garment. Thus very little final pressing is necessary.

Pressing With the Grain

The important thing about pressing is to do it in the same direction as the grain, the seams from the wide end of the garment piece to the narrow; the top pressing following the up and down threads of the fabric grain. This also applies to hems. Mrs. Bishop warns you to use very little moisture and only a warm iron, especially on woolens. For top pressing on woolens she uses several layers of cheesecloth only the top one of which is damp, not wet. Her iron is never set higher than for rayons and the weight of the iron is never used to make sharp creases. The iron makes the steam and pounding with a tailor's hardwood block after the pressing cloths have been removed will make sharp creases or smooth down press marks as need be. Bust and hipline curves are never pressed on a flat board in the best custom houses, but over a large oval tailor's cushion. One may be made of stout cotton about 12 inches x 9 inches and filled with sawdust.

Know Your Figure

Some things are worth the time to make, even if you are doing a speed job. Certainly you could never finish a first blouse in an hour if you have many alterations to do to make the pattern fit. The pattern, in the first place, has to be selected in the figure type that suits you best, whether it is labeled teen, junior, junior miss, misses' or woman's. Each pattern varies in allowance for bust, back and length of bodice, etc. And even after ordering the correct type in the bust size closest to your own, your pattern may have to be altered to give individual fit; perhaps more length in the bodice, a shorter arm from shoulder to elbow, a narrower back, or fuller hips. Pattern charts give accurate guidance in shortening and lengthening and should be followed faithfully. All such alterations aim at keeping the grain-lines of the garment straight, and the original outline of the pattern unchanged. Once you know your figure, where to alter and



Combining the quiet charm of good style with fine craftsmanship . . . typical of the quality that is Peppler's. Ask for this fine furniture by name.

Peppler Bros. Co. Limited, Hanover, Ont.

how much, the alterations will be exactly the same every other time, and you will be able to zip right ahead with the cutting and sewing, without basting to check fit.

Mrs. Bishop advises the full or heavy busted to take two measurements, to arrive at the correct pattern size: the normal bust measurement and then another high under the arms over the chest. Then, if there is much difference between the two, to select a pattern size 2 in. smaller than the normal measurement indicates and then in cutting, to allow an inch or two extra on the bottom of the front bodice to be taken up in a deeper underarm dart. This smaller size of pattern will give a better idea of fit through the shoulders and armholes yet provide 2½ in. to move about in. This perhaps explains why so many women complain of patterns fitting large. You want to make sure that the underarm darts come in the right place, and that any darts under the bust run off before going over the bust, for good appearance.

Watch Those Details

Accurate cutting and construction details are important. Where notches will be used for matching they are cut out, not in, so that they will hit you in the eye. Marks for matching seamlines, centre fronts and backs, are just slightly slashed or tailor chalked.

"How does Mrs. Bishop mark construction details such as darts or pleats?" you may ask. "Does she take time to tailor tack?" No, she feels that the new tracing wheels and dressmakers' carbons are faster and more accurate. They leave a dotted line in the contrasting color of the carbon, and as the material is always folded wrong side out, the marks for darts, etc., are all on the wrong side ready to stitch. In suits and coats the buttonhole markings are made on the interfacing and then basted through to the fronts with the long machine stitch. After removing patterns, Mrs. Bishop gives a word of warning: "If the right and wrong side of the fabric look at all similar take a minute and mark the wrong sides of all your pieces. There'll be no mistaking right for wrong then."

Sewing Workshop

For many years Mrs. Bishop has been supervisor of clothes alterations in the Amos Parrish Clinic in New York. During the summer she demonstrates her methods to sewing teachers by setting up workshops at various points of the United States. Some of our Canadian teachers have attended her classes and are putting her methods into practice with astonishing success. Their girls had turned out twice as many articles of a higher standard and the interest had been much keener. The greatest success had been with the younger pupils, the eighth graders who had not learned to depend upon such helps as pins and bastings. They were developing a "feel" or "experience" in their fingers, a grain consciousness that would enable them to stitch with perfection as they progressed. Girls, wives and mothers have always wanted to sit right down to stitch and now they can with an assurance of good results. It is one of the most valuable and satisfying skills that any woman can acquire.

RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in "THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY" says:
A Paramount Picture

"SOLO Grip-tite® BOB PINS keep my hair-do always lovely"

Look lovely as the stars! Set your hair with SOLO's newest Grip-tite Bob Pins. They're longer . . . stronger . . . won't slip! So satiny-smooth . . . they don't catch or scratch! Certified laboratory tests prove SOLO Bob Pins hold the hair better. Buy the best—SOLO Grip-tite—they cost no more. Retails: 10c and 25c per card.

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That Other You Could End Your Marriage!

Let your husband keep the real, the beloved you! Be confident of your intimate feminine hygiene—not troubled with uncertainty . . . another you!

You're *sure* of feminine daintiness when you douche regularly with "Lysol".

"Lysol" cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. No makeshifts like soap, salt or soda can possibly act the same way!

"Lysol" is the famous disinfectant with amazing, proved power to kill germ-life quickly on contact!

Yet, gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Correct douching solution in the simple directions on every bottle. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol", just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as needed. No greasy aftereffect.

Don't take chances! Don't let *neglect* create a "dual personality" . . . another you, full of doubts, misgivings and inhibitions! Don't let that *other you* destroy your love!

Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today, and use it regularly.

Check these facts with your doctor

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

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It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession . . . and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Complete Feminine Hygiene use

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Every time

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. CH-9, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

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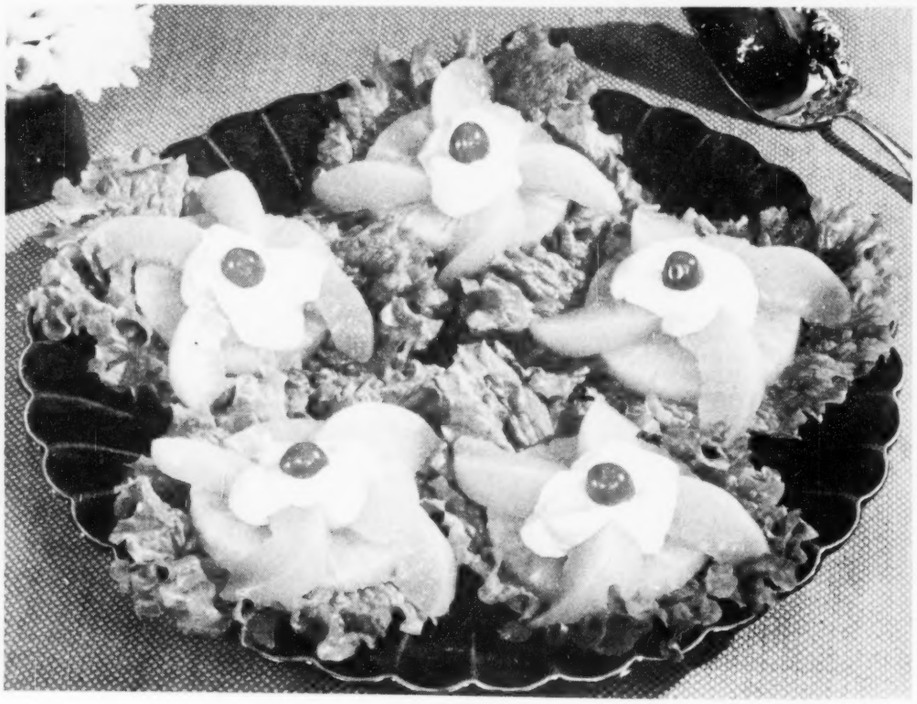
HOW TO MAKE A SPRING SALAD

Arrange washed, drained, crisp leaf lettuce in five separate nests on a large round chop plate or silver tray. (Wash lettuce ahead of time and put in crisper for a few hours.)

Place a slice of chilled canned pineapple in centre of each lettuce nest. Have the canned peaches sliced and drained. Let stand on absorbent paper toweling.

On each slice of pineapple place four slices of canned peach, petal fashion with tips of peach joining in centre of pineapple. Drain five maraschino cherries on piece of paper toweling.

Place a spoonful of salad dressing or mayonnaise in centre of each daisy. Top with red or green cherry. Serve as cold as possible. Delicious with hot cheese biscuits!



As fresh and as inviting as spring itself is this Daisy Salad. The Institute recommends it for hurry-up lunch or supper, ideal for family or company occasions. Ingredients are simple—just tins of canned fruits with leaf lettuce, mayonnaise, and cherries for garnish.

Good Luck's flavour is sweeter, fresher!

That's because Good Luck is sweet-churned daily!

No other spread can match the wholesome, *spring-sweet* flavour of Good Luck Margarine . . . that special flavour only Good Luck's exclusive sweet-churning can give.

Whatever you try Good Luck on — toast, bread, hot vegetables, pancakes — you'll notice its wonderful difference *immediately*.

Get pure, wholesome, sweet-tasting Good Luck today. You'll love the wonderful, *fresher* flavour, appreciate what a fine, economical food it is — and, remember . . .

Good Luck is good for you and your youngsters. No other spread contains more Vitamin A and wholesome nourishment!

Get **GOOD LUCK**

◄ *Foil-wrapped for extra freshness!*

◄ *Twin bars for extra convenience!*

◄ *Two handy colour wafers!*

CANADA'S LARGEST-SELLING MARGARINE!

CHILDREN BECOME ANGELS FOR AN

Instant!

TRY ME! JUST ADD HOT MILK, STIR...AND SERVE THE FROTHIEST, TASTIEST, CHOCOLATE FLAVORED DRINK- EVER!

AT YOUR GROCER'S TODAY

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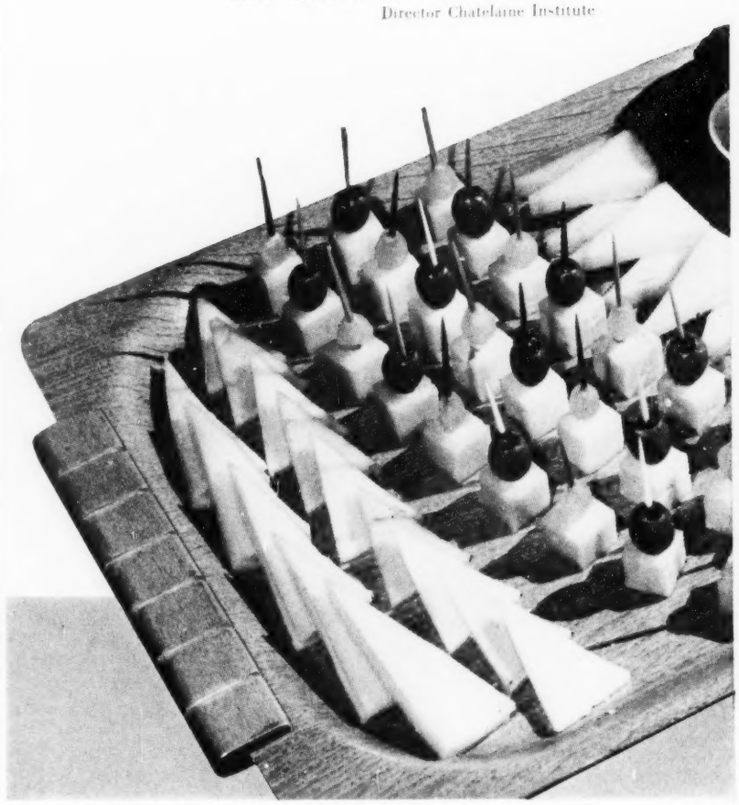
BY MARIE HOLMES,
Director Chatelaine Institute



MORE CHEESE,

More cheese in your menus is an invitation to real adventures in good eating. What food offers more in flavor and wholesomeness for your money? And here in Canada is produced the finest cheese in the world. So let's make the most of it in daily meals.

It's perfect anyway, anytime, from appetite teasers served in the living room, right through all courses including dessert.

From the Institute kitchen we suggest some favorite ways to serve cheese and some specially selected and well-tested dishes highlighting it as a main ingredient.

Cheese Through the Menu

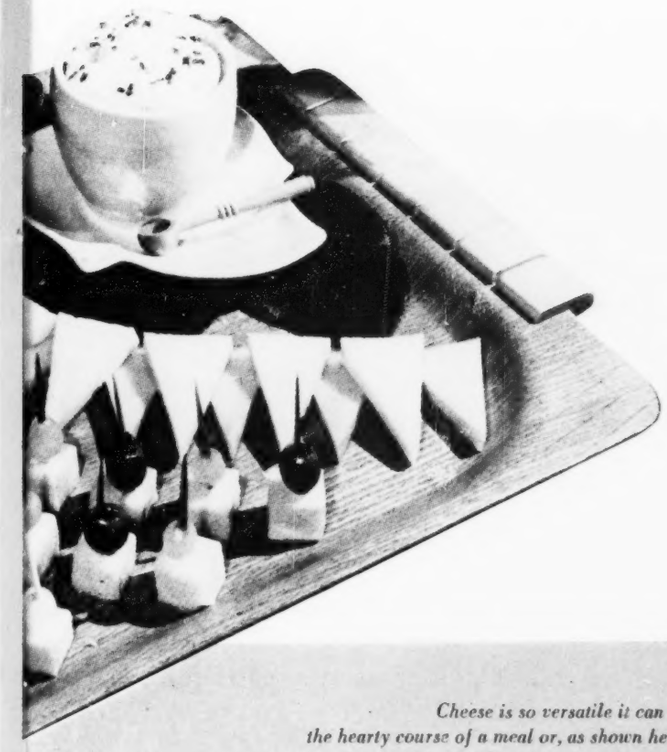
As a meal starter serve cheese on the appetizer tray. Cut the firm pressed cheese in small attractive shapes. Garnish with olives, parsley, spike with toothpicks for easy eating. Make soft cheese into balls, serve plain or rolled in chopped nuts, chopped parsley, or chopped chives.

Serve with soups. Grated cheese is traditional with French onion soup. It's sprinkled over the slice of toasted French bread that floats on top of each bowl.

A little grated cheese garnishes and enhances many a bland cream soup. Ever try it on cream of potato or celery?

Crackers or strips of bread spread lightly with butter or margarine and sprinkled with cheese and toasted make ideal soup accompaniments.

Cheese with vegetables. Noteworthy is the effect of grated



Cheese is so versatile it can be the hearty course of a meal or, as shown here, an appetite teaser in tiny bite-size pieces arranged attractively on a large wooden tray or silver platter.

PLEASE!

cheese either over or in the sauce served with shredded cooked cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower or potatoes.

Main-course dishes with cheese as main ingredient are legion. Always combine well with cereal foods such as rice, macaroni, spaghetti or bland vegetables such as lima beans, potatoes in hearty casserole dishes.

Flavors breads and rolls, too. Add grated nippy cheese next time you make bread—about 1 cup cheese to 1 large loaf. Put it in your roll dough too. Of course it's famous in tea biscuits, particularly when they're to be served with salads.

Salads and cheese are ideal companions. Use the cheese on the side of any green salad. Add it coarsely chopped to your salad bowl or crumble it into your salad dressing.

At the dessert course cheese shines its brightest. A variety tray of cheese, crackers and breads with or without fruits is many a gourmet's delight, and if there's fruit pie for dessert don't forget to pass the cheese.

Cheese in cooking is exciting as our Institute recipes prove. Just as a reminder, never overcook cheese. Cook it at low temperature, then it will not become stringy or tough.

For a smooth cheese sauce add cheese (coarsely grated or chopped) at the last. Stir gently only until cheese is melted.

Add a dash of dry mustard (¼ teaspoon to 2 cups sauce) for a nippier flavor.

Interesting cheese recipes on next page.

Make this Gorgeous Treat with Wonderful New Fast DRY Yeast!

Such a scrumptious dessert! Save it for a party?—not a bit of it! Make it now—easily, speedily with Fleischmann's grand new Dry Yeast—the kind that keeps potent and fast-rising 'right' in an envelope on your shelf!

Imagine the convenience! No more quick-spoiling cakes of yeast! No more tired, slow-rising yeast! No more yeast in the icebox! New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps all its potency till the very moment you use it.

Now see how easy yeast baking can be. See what grand results! Get a dozen packages of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast—it keeps in your cupboard!

SUMPTUOUS SWEET-FILLED BRAID
(Makes 2 large braids)

Scald

¾ cup milk
¼ cup granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and

1 well-beaten egg

Stir in

2 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

2¼ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine

1 slightly-beaten egg
2 tablespoons cream
¾ teaspoon vanilla
1¼ cups brown sugar (lightly pressed down)
¼ cup sifted dry bread crumbs
1 cup finely-chopped filberts
½ cup chopped candied peel

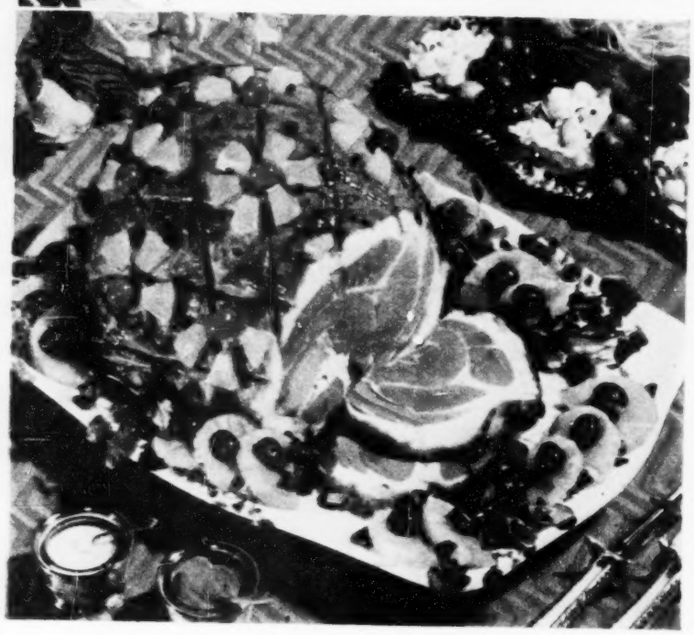
Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 10 inches long and 7 inches wide; loosen dough. Spread each oblong with

2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine

and spread with the filbert mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece, jelly-roll fashion; seal edges and ends. Roll out into oblongs 12 inches long and 6 inches wide; loosen dough. Cut each oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braids. Place on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 25 minutes. Cool. Fill crevices of braids with thick jam or butterscotch cream filling; frost with confectioners' icing and sprinkle with coarsely-chopped filberts.

Ham for Easter Weekend

TRADITIONAL . . . AND SO-O GOOD!



Better than ever in Visking casing

ON Easter weekend—the first long weekend of Spring—enjoy the tradition of baked ham with your family. This Easter—get the very best without paying a penny more—ask for your ham in a Visking Casing!

You know you're getting the best, because you can see the ham through the transparent Casing. And the Visking Casing remains on the ham until you take the ham home to your own kitchen, so you can be sure freshness is kept in.

Buy with confidence! Your favourite brand name is printed clearly on every Visking Casing.

Perfect for long weekends!

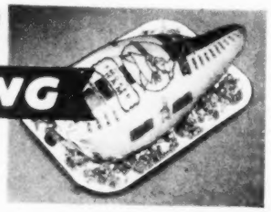
Ham is so festive for dinner when company comes.

Ham slices so well—and it's delicious cold or hot.

Ham is versatile—enjoy it in casseroles, with eggs—in your favourite recipes for weekend meals.

Whenever you buy hams—choose them in Visking Casings!

VISKING



Visking cellulose casings protect the flavour

VISKING LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

Continued from page 63

Supper Casserole

- 1 can creamy style corn
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onions
- 1½ cups grated nippy cheese
- ⅓ cup sliced ripe olives
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- ¾ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Method: Combine corn, onion, cheese, olives, ½ cup bread crumbs and milk; add flour and seasonings. Pour into greased casserole (1½ quart size). Sprinkle with remaining bread crumbs and dot with butter or margarine. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes or until crumbs are lightly browned.

Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Cheese and Rice Croquettes

- 1 cup grated cheese
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Fine bread crumbs
- 1 egg

Method: Combine cheese, rice, beaten egg and seasonings. Chill. Form into balls. Roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat (375 deg. F.) until golden brown. Serve with tomato sauce or chili sauce.

Yield: 4 generous servings.

Note: If desired rice and cheese mixture may be shaped into flat cakes before crumbling. Then cook in frying pan in a small amount of fat, turning over several times to brown evenly on both sides.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Cheese Fan Tans

- ⅔ cup milk
- 4 cups sifted bread flour
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 package dry yeast
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons soft shortening
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1½ cups grated nippy cheese

Method: Scald milk. Sift flour, measure into large mixing bowl. Make well in centre. Heat water until lukewarm, add the 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir until dissolved. Sprinkle yeast over the top. Let stand 15 minutes. To warm milk add the salt, ¼ cup sugar, shortening and beaten egg. Mix well. (Mixture should be just lukewarm.) Add yeast. Pour liquids into well in flour. Stir until liquid disappears. Remove spoon. Using hand mix dough in bowl, using swinging rotary motion. Gradually form dough into smooth ball. Place dough in large, warm, lightly

Continued on page 66

GLAMOUR PIE

A new recipe the whole family will love... Crisp coconut fluffy meringue...a melt-in-the-mouth filling with all that tantalizing flavour and aroma of

FRESH LEMONS

Sunkist Lemon-Coconut GLAMOUR PIE

The filling captures the tangy taste and delightful aroma of fresh lemons. The coconut tops it off with a special deliciousness.

½ cup butter	6 tbsp. Sunkist lemon juice
1 cup sugar	2 tsp. grated lemon peel
2 whole eggs	2 egg yolks

Combine butter and sugar in top of double boiler. Add whole eggs, egg yolks, lemon juice and peel. Mix well. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thick. Chill and pour into cool baked 9-inch pastry shell. Top with meringue.

MERINGUE

2 egg whites 4 tbsp. sugar ½ cup coconut

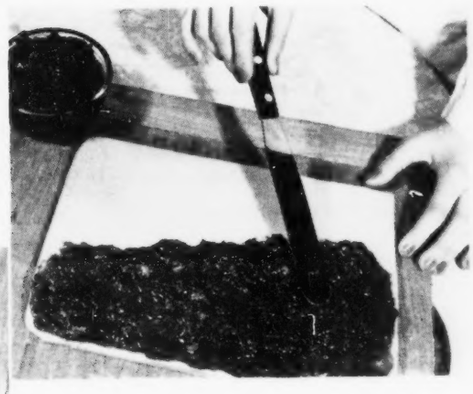
Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually adding sugar. Spread on pie; sprinkle top with coconut. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°) for 7 to 10 minutes or until golden brown.

Fresh California Sunkist Lemons

For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—**Send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book.** Free. Just write to Sunkist, Sec. 5503, Box 39, Toronto, Ont.

FRUIT-FILLED PINWHEELS

BY MARION GRAHAM.
Chatelaine Institute



With the basic cookie dough, both date and fig pinwheel cookies can be made. Keep several pinwheel rolls in your refrigerator, they'll last until your next party. Then just slice and bake.

You're looking for a new cookie? One that's attractive, rich tasting, yet just right after a luncheon or dinner? Well, we have the answer—it's date or fig pinwheels! They're tops in flavor and looks, so try them now. These recipes are tested in our Institute Kitchen.

Basic Cookie Dough

1 cup shortening
¾ cup white sugar
¾ cup brown sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla
3 cups sifted bread flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Preparation: Have shortening and eggs at room temperature.

Method: Cream shortening and sugars. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla, then flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Chill dough in refrigerator. Divide it into 3 portions. Roll out each piece into an oblong and spread with cold filling. Roll up like a jelly roll and chill until firm. Cut in ¼-inch slices and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (400 deg. F.).

Yield: 8 dozen cookies.

Note: If the dough is rolled on floured wax paper, the rolls do not tend to crack.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Date Filling

2 cups chopped dates
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons grated orange rind

Method: Combine all ingredients and cook until thick on medium heat. Cool.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Fig Filling

1 cup figs
1 cup sugar
½ cup sherry or fruit juice
½ cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon lemon rind
1 cup chopped nuts

Method: Put figs through a meat grinder. Combine figs, sugar, sherry and water in a saucepan; bring to a boil. Simmer, stirring frequently until mixture is quite thick. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, lemon rind and nuts. Cool.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Are you eating alone again?

Married bliss is sometimes marred by the truant type of husband who telephones just as you have everything cooking on the front burners, to say that he has to dine downtown with the boss, a colleague, a client, a prospect — perhaps you know the rigmarole, and perhaps you've wondered how many of these dinners are really necessary.

Some women have solved this problem by making their evening meals so attractive that husbands shake off business and come rushing home. Many wives have learned the trick of cooking with soups, which enables them to dish up almost anything they have in the ice-box so that it becomes a special treat.

Among Heinz 18 varieties you will find a wealth of flavours. Try each one and pick your favourites.

FREE BOOKLET: The Heinz recipe book, "57 Ways to Serve Heinz Soups," will give you some new ideas. Write for a free copy to H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. S.P., 420 Dupont Street, Toronto.

The Feud that ended at the altar!

Too many cooks almost spoiled this broth!

Joan Brown of Ottawa was a lovely girl with a radiant Woodbury complexion. But she was also mighty skilled with a skillet. Then she met Ft. Lt. Hank Keane, who was pretty handy in the kitchen himself!

For months they competed, trying dozens of recipes on each other.

Finally, Hank admitted defeat. "You can do the cooking," he said, "if you'll marry me!" Soon she became his Woodbury-beautiful bride!

Joan knows a beauty recipe, too—daily facials with Woodbury Soap! It's *more* than a cleanser! Skin scientists add a beauty-cream ingredient to every cake—the same softening oil used in face creams!

Some soaps might dry her skin, but Woodbury's milder lather smooths. Its face-cream ingredient is intended to help replace the natural oils you wash away. Try Joan's beauty soap, Woodbury, tonight!

Woodbury Facial Soap

with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient
. . . for the skin you love to touch

Daddy often is asleep when they are awake, and at work long after they have gone to bed. Frequently Mummy is busy too, for many radio wives, or perhaps more properly, radio widows, find they cannot bear the lonesome evenings, the broken-up days, unless they, too, are part of the grand parade. Then the competition begins!

A wife may become a better writer, better at acting, than friend husband, and a man begins to feel inferior. They try to outdo each other in the number of programs each can capture, the number of "leads" each can snag, the number of commercials and recordings. The family unit assumes rather unimportant proportions and often suffers under this strain. The green-eyed monster exists everywhere. Friends to your face, but turn for a moment and you are stabbed in the back. Canadian radio has become highly competitive and with its development came the inevitable struggle for superiority—best actor, best announcer, best comedian, best pusher!

My husband has a school for radio, and when it first opened, I took some courses simply because I was interested. When I was graduated, one of my so-called "friends" in radio said to me, "My dear, you aren't really going to try to get any parts, are you? You know, they only gave you good marks because you are the Dean's wife, and after all, acting *is* a very crowded field, you know." You see, *she* was an actress, and she was afraid I might take away one of the jobs for which *she* was qualified!

Occupational Ulcers

Enthusiasm for your work is general, though, and stimulated by a real desire to do their jobs well, most radio people eat, sleep, and breathe in the world of music, theatre and more radio.

One evening we had a few of the radio crowd at our home. The discussions all evening had been about "shows" they had been in, "fluffs" they had made, the triumphs and flops we all knew so well. We had a well-known writer, a producer of note, and several distinguished actors and actresses in the group, and gradually the discussion became more and more heated. I could hardly bear to leave the room while I made coffee and sandwiches. As we sat around the table, conversation continued. By this time sides were being taken as to the merits and demerits of a certain show. Glancing up, I saw one of the more aesthetic individuals calmly tearing up, chewing and swallowing his white paper napkin, in the belief, I'm sure, that it was a sandwich!

I guess the tension is the worst part of the whole thing. The necessity for being "on the nose" in all your work, waiting for the "on the air" cue to flash, and sighing with relief when the producer puts up his thumb and forefinger in the traditional form of a circle as the "off the air" sign goes on—all this does not contribute to a relaxed way of life. And yet, radio people have learned to sleep for 10 minutes and wake up feeling refreshed, they have learned that listening to records in free time soothes the fevered brow, and they have learned how to take all kinds of sudden and strange happenings in their stride.

When your phone rings at 2 a.m. and you hear a voice excitedly saying, "Gosh! I just got the most terrific idea for a show!" you just turn on the light, grab a pencil and pad of paper, and start writing. Then you go back to sleep again. Or if you're a producer, and one of your actors phones you in the middle of dinner, saying, "I think I've got the character of that part now," you simply move your plate to your desk, reach for your script, and away you go feeding lines to him so he can go through his part over the telephone.

As in other professions there are certain occupational diseases. One doctor we know, who has a great many radio people as patients, feels that men and women earning a living in radio live 10 years less than comparable men and women in other vocations, mainly because of the nervous tensions involved in radio work. Ulcers, for example, a common complaint of the radio artist, are usually associated with irregular habits and nervous tensions.

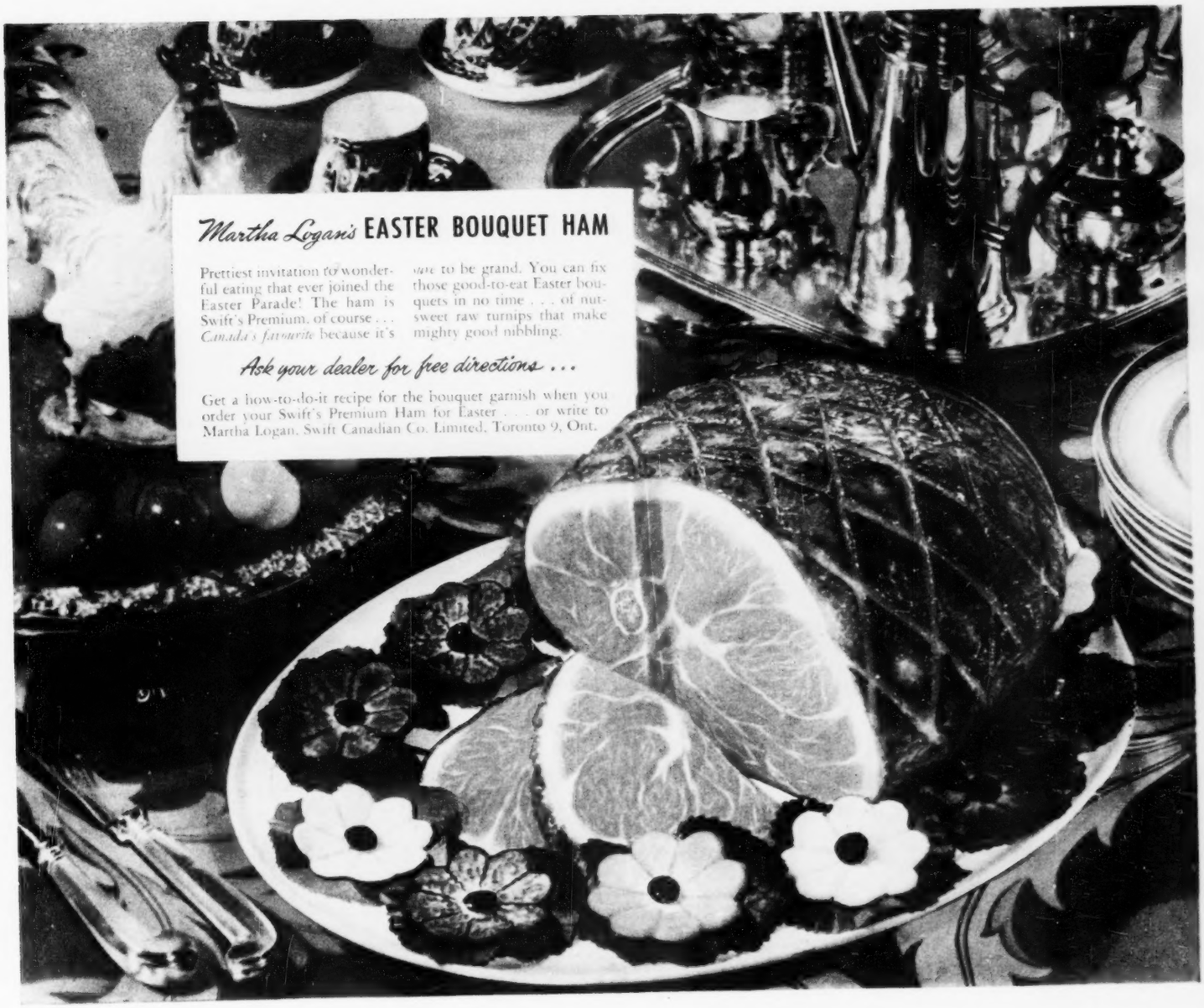
But the most dreaded thing of all is the common cold, for it attacks the voice. The slightest sign of the sniffles or a sore throat brings on near-hysteria, and laryngitis, as we learned in our own family a while ago, means a complete stoppage of all work. In other professions one can continue, very often, with a minor cold, or do one's work at home, but unfortunately, broadcasting is very difficult to transfer. During one period of several weeks when my husband was confined to bed with a strep germ, we had broadcast lines put into our library which happens to be almost soundproof. Aside from the usual tray service and sick care necessary with illness in the home, I also found myself handling scripts, helping to set up microphones, holding telephone wires, and answering the door.

One day I counted 12 different technicians who came to arrange—or re-arrange—various pieces of equipment. So illness of any kind is a thing to be shunned, and any person in radio who doesn't carry vitamin tablets, cold cures, or similar guarantees of health is a queer animal indeed.

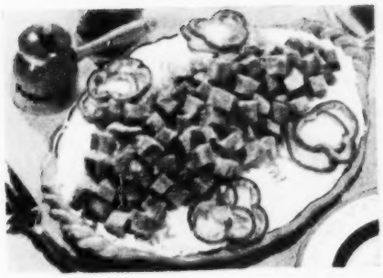
As for the fantastic fortunes made by radio artists, compared once with political leaders and industrialists, it just isn't true! Long grueling hours of rehearsal are forgotten by the layman when he hears that some actor received $40 for a one-hour play. Perhaps the actor had only a few lines, but perhaps tomorrow he will take two parts for the same fee, and regardless of the length of his part, he must still be at rehearsal not less than nine hours, and possibly longer, for a one-hour program.

Another fact, often forgotten, is that radio is a seasonal business for most artists. From the end of May to the beginning of September, many radio people are temporarily "at liberty," since so many "live" shows go off the air for the summer months to be replaced by recorded programs. This means, of course, that one must stretch the earnings of a nine-month period over the 12 months period which normally comprises the average person's earning time. So you see that $40 for a 10-hour job has to go a long way!

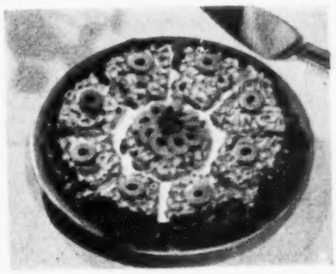
Although the summer months are not busy ones for many of our artists, they are not really on vacation, for most of them are hard at work on programs for the following season—writing, planning, or selling. There is a mad rush for each available summer show, there is a striving after recordings to fill in the gaps, and some hardier souls go into



Easter Feast or any-night dinner... Swift's Premium Ham *is sure to do you proud!*



HAM IN ORANGE SAUCE: Mix 2 tbsp. flour, ¼ c. sugar, 1 c. boiling water; cook till clear; stir constantly. Add grated rind of 1 orange, ½ c. orange juice, 1 tbsp. butter, a little curry. Heat cubed, cooked Swift's Premium Ham in sauce. Serve on hot, cooked rice. Garnish with green pepper rings.



HAM SANDWICH WHEEL: Cut a slice ½" thick crosswise from center of round loaf of bread. Cut a circle in center, then cut outward in wedges. Spread with butter or margarine, and ground Swift's Premium Ham and sweet pickle mixed with mayonnaise. Garnish with sliced olives and parsley.

This you can count on: Swift's Premium Ham *always* has the same delicious tenderness and wonderfully mellow flavour . . . because Swift's unique system of quality control *insures* every-time perfection. Buy it any time, anywhere . . . Swift's Premium Ham is *sure* to do you proud!

2 STYLES: *Uncooked* (Blue Label) or *Fully-Cooked, really* ready to eat (Red Label). Look for the Swift's Premium brand on slices, too!

Dazzle Your Family

To Mix: Use recipe for Lucky Day Cake on back of the Swans Down Cake Flour package. A "quick-mix" cake that's sure to be heavenly with superfine Swans Down. No other cake flour in the world makes cakes so Swans Down-wonderful.

To Bake: Bake in layers as directed in recipe. Cool.

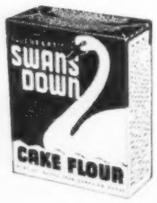
To Frost: Prepare your favorite fluffy white frosting * Spread between your feathery cake layers, and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle generously with Baker's Coconut. Garnish with vari-colored jelly beans.

** If you'd like Swans Down's recipe for Fluffy White Frosting, ask your grocer for the recipe for Swans Down Easter Glory Cake.*

Delicate and spring-like as the first crocus, here's cake to bring whoops of joy from the most critical family! Down-soft and light as a feather, its Easter frosting is sheer inspiration!

Swans Down Cake Flour makes *all* your cakes lighter, fluffier, more delicious. Made expressly to make *better* cakes, Swans Down is milled from choicest soft wheat—and sifted over and over again until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Success is yours for sure, with Swans Down and Swans Down's Easter Glory Cake.

If a cake is worth making it's worth making with



Swans Down
CAKE FLOUR

5-251M

A Product of General Foods

summer stock to keep the pot boiling. Besides all this, no artist is ever a finished product, and so endless hours must be utilized to improve one's artistry whenever possible. No, the radio artist has little time for vacation and "holiday" is an unheard-of word in the radio artist's vocabulary. Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Good Friday, or even a simple Sunday means nothing to the radio worker. On the contrary, it usually means special holiday programs in addition to the ones already scheduled for that day. Nor can anyone in radio plan very much in advance, since a special occasion will always bring an especially suitable radio show to commemorate it.

Many a time a radio wife will accept an invitation or plan a party only to cancel it at the last moment or to receive guests apologizing that "my husband is working and will be late." At first this is rather embarrassing, but after a while your friends become accustomed to it and allow for the fact that the "radio" man will turn up eventually, but his wife will come with the others.

Fans are an important part of the life of every entertainer. Radio is no exception. The hundreds of Christmas cards, get-well or congratulatory cards are firm evidence of this. Certain signatures become familiar, as in the case of a Winnipeg fan who never forgets to send a Christmas card, but only signs it with initials.

When my husband mentioned, on the air, that he had laryngitis, he received 73 different remedies by mail and phone, from fans who wanted to help. Of course there is always the swoony female who gushes over "the Voice," but generally most fans are sincere and intelligent. In spite of the difficulties, tensions, jealousies, and adjustments in your home life, the thrill of achievement, the great feeling of creation make it all worth while. When you leave a discussion, you leave stimulated, not tired. You feel spurred on, ambitious, eager.

When my husband can't go to sleep at night because he has a new idea or because he's still glowing from the achievement of an old one, I realize that radio has its compensations for all its difficulties.

So please don't get me wrong. I don't resent radio and I don't dislike it. Canadian radio, to me, seems like a youth who has gone through his period of adolescence, pains, pimples and pride. With the understanding, sympathy and co-operation of his family he has turned out to be a fine and successful man. Canadian radio had for some time been a symbol of mature thinking to our neighbors, the United States, and will continue to inspire those of us who are in any way associated with it. I have always been proud and thrilled to be a part of such a creative art.

So please, please don't get me wrong. After all, some of my best friends are in radio . . . oh, oh, here comes television!

Pattern Descriptions

Simplicity No. 3366, sizes 12-20. Price, 25 cents; Simplicity No. 3436, sizes 11-18. Price, 35 cents; Simplicity No. 3555, sizes 11-18. Price, 25 cents; Simplicity No. 3362, sizes 11-18. Price, 50 cents; Simplicity No. 3442, sizes 12-20. Price, 35 cents.

Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer or direct from the Pattern Dept. of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

15 Minutes

serves your guests this delicious Tomato Rarebit

TRY THIS RECIPE:

TOMATO RAREBIT Heat 6 tbsp. E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste and 1 cup water to scalding. Add ½ tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. paprika, ¼ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. soda. Stir into the yolks of 2 eggs, place in a double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 2 cups coarsely grated Canadian cheese and continue cooking just until cheese is melted. Serve on thin toast. Serves 5 - 6.

Just one of scores of appetizing dishes made quickly, easily and *economically* with E. D. Smith's famous Tomato Paste. The *concentrated* goodness of over 3 lbs. of fresh tomatoes in each 6 oz. tin. Get some today.

You don't have to, lady—that's a job for Gillett's Lye. All *you* have to do is shake in Gillett's Lye full-strength . . . flush . . . the job's done! Ugly stains, incrustations vanish—bowl is gleaming—clean and odorless. It's easy as that!

Gillett's Lye makes short work of all household clean-up jobs. Cuts through grease-clogged drains—keeps them running free.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats water.

OVER $1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

ENTER CHATELAINE SALAD RECIPE CONTEST NOW!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE FOR YOUR FAVORITE SALAD RECIPE

Chatelaine believes in salads on the Canadian menu because they are good for you and good to eat! Not nearly enough salads are eaten in Canada yet our farms and grocery stores offer the finest of salad ingredients.

Do you serve salads as much as you should? Have you a special one that is a favorite with your family? Why not enter it in Chatelaine's Salad Recipe Contest.

You may win a share of the $1,000 in cash prizes. There are regional as well as grand prizes.

GRAND PRIZES

First grand prize	$300.00
Second grand prize	$200.00
Third grand prize	$100.00

YES, OVER $1,000.00 ALTOGETHER OFFERED for nutritious, attractive salads in the Chatelaine Salad Contest. Send your favorite salad recipe today!

REGIONAL PRIZES

First Regional Prize	$50.00
Second Regional Prize	25.00
Third Regional Prize	10.00

Canada has been divided into regions as follows—(1) The Maritimes and Newfoundland. (2) Quebec Province. (3) Ontario. (4) Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta. (5) British Columbia. Top Home Economists, all heads of Home Economics Departments of the universities across Canada, will judge entries in their own region and select the three prize winners. Then, from the fifteen prize-winning salads selected a central judging committee will make a further judging and *award three grand prizes.*

Salads can be served the whole year 'round. Your special salad may be one that you serve in spring, summer, fall or winter. It may be one that makes up the main course of a meal, or one that adds a sparkle to the meal as a side dish.

Be sure to read the rules carefully—and check your salad with the scoring chart which will be used by the judges.

RULES

1. Send only one recipe.
2. Print or type recipe clearly on one side of paper.
3. Print or type your full name and address, in upper right hand corner of recipe page.
4. Recipe ingredients must be generally available sometime during the year in Canada.
5. Measurements given must be as exact as possible. Amounts of liquid and dry ingredients must be given in level cups, tablespoons, teaspoons.
6. State in not more than 25 to 50 words why you like your salad or how it originated.
7. All recipes submitted become the property of Chatelaine magazine.
8. Members of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co. and their immediate families are not eligible.
9. Decision of the judges will be final.
10. Entries must be postmarked by midnight March 31, 1951.

WATCH FOR AUGUST CHATELAINE

All prize-winning recipes will appear in the August issue of Chatelaine — pictures of the prize winners will be published in the special feature in this issue. Make sure that you get your copy of this important issue, and be sure that your recipe is included in this $1,000 prize contest—you may be among the prize winners. Send yours today.

HERE'S HOW THE JUDGES WILL MARK SALAD RECIPE ENTRIES:

Scoring Points	*Marks*
Appetite appeal and general arrangement and color contrast	15
Ingredients used:	
A. General availability	15
B. Economy	15
Ease of preparation	10
Ease of serving	10
Recipe style (exact description of how it is made and arranged. Simple diagram or drawing may be included)	20
Health value	15
Total	100

Use this chart yourself to rate your favorite salad before you send it in—it will be a valuable guide to you in preparing your recipe and the description and explanation.

Enter the CHATELAINE SALAD CONTEST now — you may win one of the regional prizes and one of the big grand cash prizes as well—

address your entry to:

SALAD RECIPE CONTEST EDITOR,
CHATELAINE,
P.O. Box 100,
Terminal A, Toronto 2, Canada.

SHORT CUT TO ZEST AT ITS BEST!

Cheese

THIS WEEK AND EVERY WEEK!

CHEESE 'N' CRACKERS

Help yourself to oodles of goodness—mellow CHEESE and crisp crackers! It's a flavor of fellowship in good eating. Mild or sharp . . . smooth or tangy . . . there's a CHEESE for every taste . . . a cracker for every choice. As a snack or for a festive party, there's nothing easier to fix . . . nothing finer to serve . . . nothing tastier to please. CHEESE makes for better living. It's all food . . . no waste . . . and good to the last bite. Nutritious, delicious and money-saving, too. That's food to your taste . . . that's CHEESE!

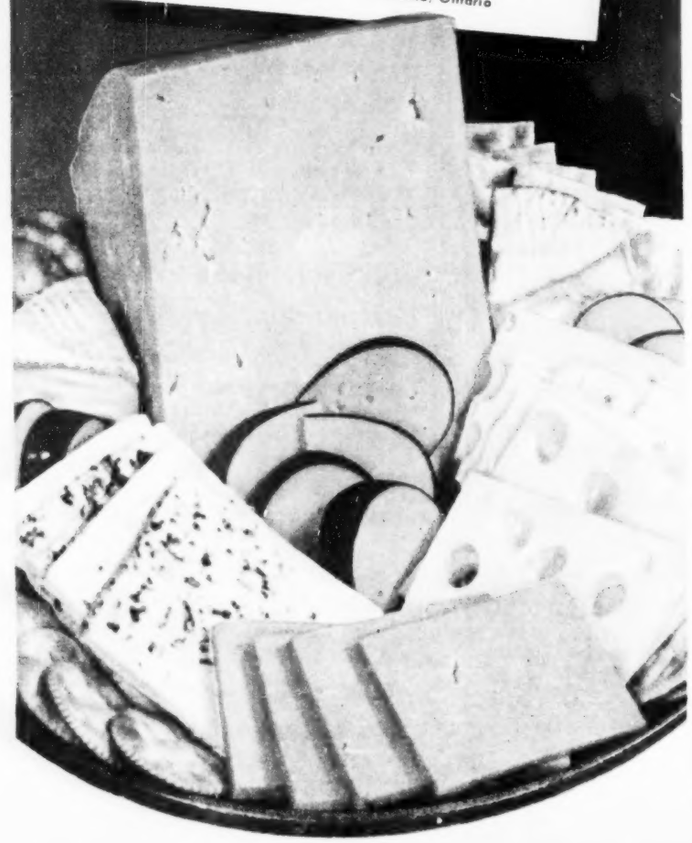
OTHER WAYS TO SERVE CHEESE

Toasted or plain . . . for sandwiches or dessert . . . for main dish or snack . . . CHEESE can be the extra flavor touch or can be the meal itself. So high in flavor goodness and food value . . . packed with proteins, vitamins and minerals . . . yet so low in price. Cheddar, Bleu, Swiss, Gouda and Camembert—here are examples of the many kinds of CHEESE in your grocer's dairy food department. He has many more varieties—in bulk, in packages and glass jars. Serve CHEESE often.

For our recipes on interesting ways to prepare cheese dishes write Dept. M.

ENJOY NATURE'S FINE FOODS

DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU
409 Huron Street Toronto, Ontario



WITCH AND HUSBAND

Continued from page 18

papers. The auntie witch is rather inexpert at her calling, for Harrison has caught her twice and thinks she is merely a dotty old lady with a passkey to his flat. Harrison makes his complaint and prepares to exit to join his fiancée at their engagement party. But the witch addresses some cabalistic whispers to the cat, wherewith Harrison drops his overcoat, walks deliberately upstage to the witch, and takes her in his arms. Three hours later the spellbound victim calls his fiancée and tells her the engagement is off.

With this interesting kickoff the playwright involves the bewitched Harrison with Lilli, auntie and Lilli's kid brother, a warlock or male witch, who sports a crew haircut and abuses his magical powers to rifle locked liquor cabinets. Rex gets caught in a crossfire of spells and counterspells between Lilli and the other witches to make or break her hold on Rex. But before the final curtain sentiment triumphs as Lilli discovers she must abandon her sorcery before she can return his love.

The day your witchcraft reporter met the Harrisons backstage he sought to restore some dark atmosphere to his séance with the head witch by asking Miss Palmer if she had studied "The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies," a standard handbook on sorcery. "Never heard of it," she said.

The black magic correspondent appealed to Rex Harrison. "Does she cook up much witches' brew around the house?" "Lord, no," he replied, "she hasn't time even for spaghetti."

The witch said, "I'm lucky to find time to spend an hour with our six-year-old son." This was almost too much for me—a witch with a son! The Harrisons said his name was Cary and he had seen "Bell, Book and Candle" in Boston during the tryout and "wasn't impressed at all." Rex added, "He's mad for Hopalong Cassidy." I thought what kind of a witch is this anyhow, letting her child fall under the spell of Hopalong Cassidy?

Finally I said to Miss Palmer, "Please, I've got to know right now. Are you a witch or aren't you?"

"Of course," she answered.

"Of course she is," Rex said.

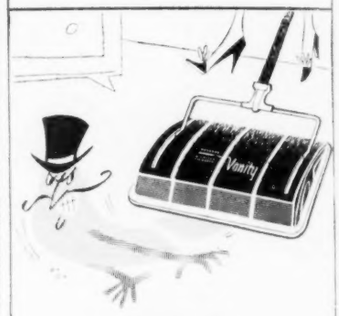
They smiled at each other. "I'll tell you what kind of witch she is," said Rex, straddling the back of a chair. "My wife is an actress of tremendous concentration. It's no fluke that she's a good actress. She has to put a lot more concentration in her work than most actresses. You see, she is acting in a language which is not her own. She was born in Germany and learned to act in German."

The witch said, "I'll tell you what kind of a warlock my husband is. Rex is unbelievably meticulous. You know his telephone speech in the second act, where he tells his fiancée the engagement is off, due to falling under my spell? In rehearsal he tried that speech over and over again, looking for the interpretation he wanted.

"Rex came off-stage one time and found me reading a book. He was aghast. He said, 'You're reading a book? Why aren't you studying your script?' He shook his head grumpily

I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I'LL G-G-GRIND THOSE DIRT TRACKS INTO THE FIBERS OF HER RUG BEFORE SHE VACUUMS AGAIN ON SATURDAY!



CURSES!

SHE'S GOT A NEW BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER! NOW I WON'T HAVE TIME TO RUIN THE FIBERS OR DULL THE COLOR!

I GOT SMART! I USE A HANDY BISSELL SWEEPER NOW FOR ALL QUICK CLEAN-UPS. SEE HOW THE "BISCO-MATIC"* BRUSH ACTION SWEEPS CLEAN—EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE—WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE!

DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL

Only $7.45 up
A little more in the West.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company of Canada Limited
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan
(Factory at Niagara Falls, Canada)

*Registered Trade Mark

NICE PEOPLE

Continued from page 20

over there disturbing the Thorpes when they're all still asleep."

"I promised," Dinah protested, wide-eyed.

"Oh, they should be up by now," Henry said comfortably. "Run along, Dinah. If this is your part in the school play, give it all you've got."

Dinah looked uncertainly at her mother, hugged her father, and dashed off, a bright spot of color loping across the gardens to the Thorpes' back door.

Liz turned to Henry. "Henry," she said, "this job at Scarsley. It is a promotion, isn't it? I mean, I wouldn't want you to feel that I'm forcing you—"

Henry looked at her levelly. "It's a bit more money," he said quietly, "and of course the plant's slightly bigger." A faint smile brushed the corners of his mouth, and he touched Liz's hand. "I think you could probably call it a promotion, Liz, if it makes you happier. They wouldn't have offered it to me if they hadn't thought it was just as good, anyway. I expect they intend to expand over there eventually."

Liz sighed. There had been talk of expanding in Deeping, too. She could not read Henry's eyes. Did he think she was pushing him into this move? Did he realize that life was becoming unbearable for her in Deeping? It was horrible if Henry guessed. But much more horrible if other people came to guess, also. She didn't know how long she could keep them from it. It was better to move while she still had her pride. She had almost let the mask slip in her sudden tiff with Dinah that morning. She couldn't bear to go on getting more catty, more unreasonable, all the time. She must get away.

Henry stubbed out his cigarette. "It's a lovely day for your Community Chest tea," he said. "You couldn't want better. Did you get a new dress?"

"Yes. No, I sent it back." She didn't meet his eyes. She had got a new dress, a pink printed crepe. She had thought it beautiful until she had seen Shelagh Thorpe's new nylon, and then she had bundled it up and sent it back. It was impossible to compete with Shelagh in rose nylon. She would wear her old Nile green.

"Well," Henry said, "you'll look nice, anyway. You always do."

Once she would have accepted the compliment with a laugh. Now she shrugged it off. "I'll be in the kitchen most of the time. Somebody has to keep things running smoothly."

"In Shelagh's kitchen?"

"Oh, Shelagh's the president. She'll be receiving." Heavens, she thought, I must stop this. I'm getting worse. "She's marvelous at that, you know." Liz knew the words came out with difficulty. She had meant them to sound generous. Shelagh was adept at making people feel welcome, feel at home. She might forget their names the next day, but at the moment, the moment that counted, she was always charmingly gracious.

If Henry noticed her bitterness he said nothing. He kissed her with his usual absent-minded affection and went off out the back door so that he could stroll through the garden to the street. He stopped to twitch off some leaves from the snapdragon, raised a bough of the flowering almond, stood for a few moments contemplating his roses. Liz watched him through the window. She respected Henry's passion for his garden. Would they find a garden with such lovely possibilities in Scarsley? It wasn't nearly so pretty a town as Deeping. There was no golf club to compare with the one which she and Henry had had a large part in promoting, no park such as the Deeping Green over which she had labored with loving energy. But there was no Shelagh Thorpe in Scarsley, either. And, as she had pointed out to Henry, it was much closer to the university to which Dinah would eventually go. "A hundred miles!" Henry had scoffed. "What's a hundred miles here or there on the way to education?" Well, but the school was bigger, too. Dinah would meet friends much more suitable than Sally Thorpe. Impatiently Liz began stacking Sally's large library of records, which seemed to have set up a permanent abode in her kitchen. She wished Sally would keep her records at home.

Liz did the breakfast dishes and tidied the house, her mind racing ahead of her over all the work preparatory to the tea. She paused before her mirror to tie more securely the kerchief she had knotted over her hair. She looked horrible with her hair all hidden, but she must be presentable that afternoon. Outside she could hear the swish and sharp ping of Shelagh's golf practice. Shelagh was standing on the back terrace, her hair a dusky mop of curls in the breeze, her bare legs and arms lovely in their long swift movement.

Liz tugged viciously at the kerchief. If you had a couple of maids to do your housework you could afford to look beautiful on the back terrace. Shelagh's gamin face turned toward her, but she drew back quickly. She was in no mood to wave an airy greeting. She was Liz, hard at work as a housewife should be, and would have no part in the pretty pantomime across the hedge. If Shelagh wanted an audience she would have to seek elsewhere. Liz grimaced. She hated Shelagh's very name this morning. It suggested old legends, Deirdre of the Sorrows and the men of the Aran Isles. There was something mystical and enchanting about it. Why couldn't she spell it the way other people did? But then, Shelagh never did anything the way other people did. That was one of the secrets of her charm.

Liz took the furniture polish and duster to her living room. It was a comfortable lived-in room, beautiful since she had had it done over in pastel colors and bright bargain chintzes. She had been inordinately proud of it until Shelagh got in a decorator and re-did

Memo for March

By HELEN BALL

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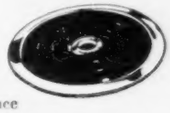

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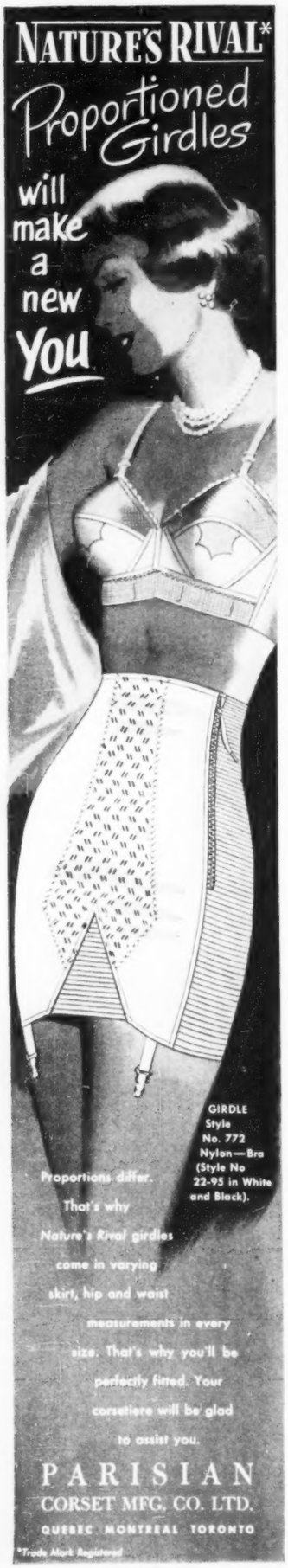

her drawing-room with blond wood walls and Chinese red upholstery. Shelagh had turned the laundry into a rumpus room for Sally and her friends, while Dinah still did her entertaining in the big white kitchen with its cozy breakfast nook. "It's much nicer here, Mummy," Dinah had said mischievously. "Much handier to the frig and the pantry."

The telephone shrilled, and Liz roused gladly from her morbid thoughts to answer it.

" 'Morning, Liz." That was Mrs. Leeds, of the Community Chest committee. "Aren't we lucky in our weather?"

"Yes, it's beautiful. Is there anything more I can do, Mrs. Leeds? I have 10 loaves of sandwiches ready for cutting and two batches of cookies."

"Oh, good. Macaroons, I hope. Everybody loves your cherry macaroons. I was wondering about flowers, Liz. Do you think Henry would let us have some of his delphinium?"

"Of course. And the roses are just right now."

"Well, I don't think we'll need roses. Shelagh is going to cut her lovely Johanna Hills. But we thought we might back them with something taller, behind, to show them off."

Liz's back stiffened. I must agree, she thought. Henry would be pleased. But she heard herself saying, "You know, Mrs. Leeds, the delphinium are a bit past their best. Perhaps the roses, just by themselves—"

"Whatever you think. Shelagh's so lucky in her gardener. I wish she'd pick a fight with him, and I'd snag him before she could turn round."

"Oh, she'll not do that," Liz said grimly. "Not while Peter can help her win all the prizes at the Flower Fair."

"Darling Shelagh. She doesn't know how to fight with anyone. I don't know what we'd do without her. She presides over half the organizations in town. And I never knew a better organizer."

You never will know a better one while Shelagh is around, Liz thought. She adores running things. And then, tortured with the pettiness of her own thoughts, she managed, "She's a great help, always."

"And hasn't a stauncher supporter than you, my dear. Now I must ring off. I've a thousand and one things to do. I promised to help Shelagh set up chairs, and to bring over some of my garden furniture. I'll see you this afternoon, Liz. 'By now."

Liz put up the receiver and sat staring down at her hands. So I'm a staunch supporter of Shelagh's, she thought. What a farce! Maybe I was once. I must have been once. I adored her. I thought how frightfully lucky we were to be living next door to her. But I've had too much. You can't live next door to a paragon and keep your sense of proportion. And you can't keep all your hateful thoughts to yourself. What will everyone think when some day I come out with a biting, envious remark? What will I think of myself? I've never been jealous before. Not really. Not like this. Nice people don't get jealous. I want to be nice. But I'm getting less nice all the time. I can't go on like this. I must get away.

She went out to the garden to gather bridge cloths from the line for ironing. Peter, the Thorpes' gardener, straightened up from his rose-cutting.

"'Morning, Mrs. Merrick. This is busy day for everybody, eh?"

"Indeed it is, Peter. Your flowers are beautiful." She paused to admire them. As long as she could think of them as Peter's flowers, they were lovely.

"They come along nice. They make me happy. My wife, she very fond of flowers, too."

"Is she? Then you must take her some of our delphinium. They're ripe for cutting now. I'll have a bunch ready for you when you leave. Tell me, how is Betsy?"

"Oh, some better, maybe. She not cough so much."

"That's fine. Isn't it about time we took her back to the clinic? I'll ask Henry to make sure that he doesn't need the car, and we'll arrange a day next week. Let's see. Tuesday? No, I promised to go down to the library to help bind some of the old books. Wednesday I'm taking Mrs. Flanagan's children on a picnic, so I guess it will be Thursday. I'll let you know later."

"Liz, what are you and Peter so intent about? Is my favorite gardener giving away state secrets?" Shelagh was standing there smiling at them, trim and cool in a beige gabardine suit and black straw cartwheel hat, the car keys jingling in her fingers.

"Hello, Shelagh. Wherever are you off to?"

"Home and School Club luncheon. I'm speaking on 'The child's leisure hours.' I'm sure I haven't any idea what Sally does with her leisure hours, but Mark made up a dilly of a paper for me. Such a bore that it had to happen today, but everything's under control here. Mrs. Leeds offered to do the chairs for me, and Myra Holt said she'd be free to help with anything. People are wonderful."

"Yes," Liz said mechanically, "aren't they?"

Shelagh was suddenly all sympathy. "You look tired, Liz. You've been working your head off. I know. Why don't you lie down for a while? The tea will be such an ordeal. The whole town's coming."

"I've no time for lying down," Liz said impatiently. "I must scramble together some lunch for my family. Mark and Sally may as well come here, since you're going to be out."

"Oh, I told Mark to lunch downtown, and Sally loves to pick up odds and ends herself. Thanks, Liz, but they'll be all right."

Liz knew that Mark hated a restaurant lunch, but she felt she had no right to insist. And she didn't have the energy to cope with Sally's exuberance. She went back to the kitchen, put on the soup, and started gathering together a salad.

She was interrupted by a knock at the back door. "Here's the lobsters, ma'am. Shall I bring 'em in? You'll want to keep 'em on ice."

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"Lobsters?" Liz echoed stupidly. "I don't want any lobsters. At least, I'd love to have lobsters, of course, but not at the price they are now. And not a whole hamperful."

"But you ordered these lobsters, Mrs. Thorpe. For dinner tonight. You said—"

"Oh," Liz said, "but I'm not Mrs. Thorpe. She lives next door. Over there, where they're dragging tables around and milling all over the place."

He tilted back his hat. "Which one is Mrs. Thorpe?"

Liz almost laughed at the idea that any one of those struggling, perspiring females could be Mrs. Thorpe. "She's not at home."

"Well," he said, "and I brought these out special, myself, just to get a look at her, she sounded so nice over the phone. But gosh, I'd as soon take a beachhead single-handed as try to get through that crowd. Will you take 'em in for her, ma'am?"

"Certainly not," Liz said. "I've no room in my frig for all that stuff. Take them across, and don't be so silly."

The man picked them up meekly and started away. Oh, Liz thought, I'd rather take them myself than have to hear myself talk like that. Why did he have to get lyrical over Shelagh's voice? It's only a voice. A voice which is at this moment enchanting an audience of teachers and parents with words which Mark labored over. And why not? No one can speak more engagingly than Shelagh. It will be a very successful luncheon, and everyone will go home thinking her perfectly marvelous. Which she is. Only I've lost the power to see it.

Liz had to rush her family through lunch. Henry and Dinah carried their own garden furniture through the hedge to the Thorpes' terrace, while she changed her dress and cut sandwiches and collected the dishes which would be needed for the tea. Then she went over to Shelagh's kitchen and took competent charge of the perplexed workers, bringing quick order out of chaos, arranging the long tea table at the end of Shelagh's living room, setting water to boil for the tea, laying out plates of sandwiches and cakes for quick transit from kitchen to living room and garden, explaining procedure to the girls of the Junior Auxiliary who were going to serve, rescuing Shelagh's corsage from under the pickles in the icebox and sending Sandra Rivers up to pin it on. She was so busy that she was barely aware when the first guests started to arrive. They stopped for a moment to speak to Shelagh, then drifted off to the garden, where gay summer dresses gleamed among the flowers, and the men's darker suits played a dignified bass in the summery symphony.

Liz carried the heavy tea urn in to old Mrs. Gillespie, ensconced at one end of the tea table.

"My dear, that's too heavy for you," Mrs. Gillespie protested. "You should get one of the men to carry it."

Liz laughed. "I'm strong as an ox. And men are scarce at an affair like this."

"Well, if you want one," Myra Holt put in, "you know where to find them," and she nodded toward the group around Shelagh. Liz looked at Shelagh's upturned, provocative face, heard her rippling laugh in answer to one of old

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Colonel Arkwright's sallies, saw her hand resting on Bill Holt's arm. They all adored Shelagh, followed in the train of her infectious buoyancy. Suppose Henry? No, she had never had to wonder about Henry. But if she ever started to, life wouldn't be worth living. She mustn't ever let that happen. She was glad Henry wasn't there. Vaguely, she looked around for Mark. In his secure position in Thorpe and Maclean, Barristers at Law, he was usually free to put in an appearance at such affairs as this. Shelagh liked him to be there, lending dignity to her parties. But Mark did not seem to have come home. She watched how Shelagh, with practiced ease, drew Isabel Carter into her little circle, and heard Myra Holt sigh. It sounded like a sigh of relief.

"She's getting the Community Chest Drive off with a bang," Myra said. "There are so many people in this town who owe a debt of gratitude to Shelagh. The Y, and the Neighborhood Workers, and the Girl Guides, all the churches.

"But it's all so impersonal, isn't it?" old Mrs. Gillespie said quietly. "Nobody comes to Shelagh and says, 'Thank you for helping my little boy to go to camp.' She misses so much."

Myra looked at her, wide-eyed. "Oh, but she's always getting votes of thanks and letters of appreciation and so on."

"I know. She does a wonderful work. But isn't she missing a great deal, too?" She turned to Liz. "I saw you with Peter's little girl Betsy at the clinic the other day. I think she would die for you."

Liz flushed, and shook her head in quick disclaimer. But her eyes suddenly stung with tears. "I could almost die for Betsy," she said, "if it would do any good." And she picked up the empty tea urn and escaped to the kitchen.

Toward half-past four the crowd began to thin out. Liz, her brow moist and wisps of hair straggling around her ears, rearranged sandwiches on fewer plates. Mrs. Leeds came out for more pickles. "Shelagh's done it again," she crowed. "It's a great success."

Old Mrs. Gillespie, relieved of her turn at pouring tea, had wandered out to the kitchen. "I'm sure everyone has worked very hard," she said, selecting a sour gherkin and biting into it with relish.

Mrs. Leeds looked at Liz. "Yes," she said slowly, "that's true. You couldn't possibly run such an affair without behind-the-scenes people like Liz who keep things going smoothly. Liz has been simply slaving all afternoon. It's really her party, only she does it all so quickly that we keep forgetting."

Liz frowned. "Oh, no. I couldn't possibly do Shelagh's job out there."

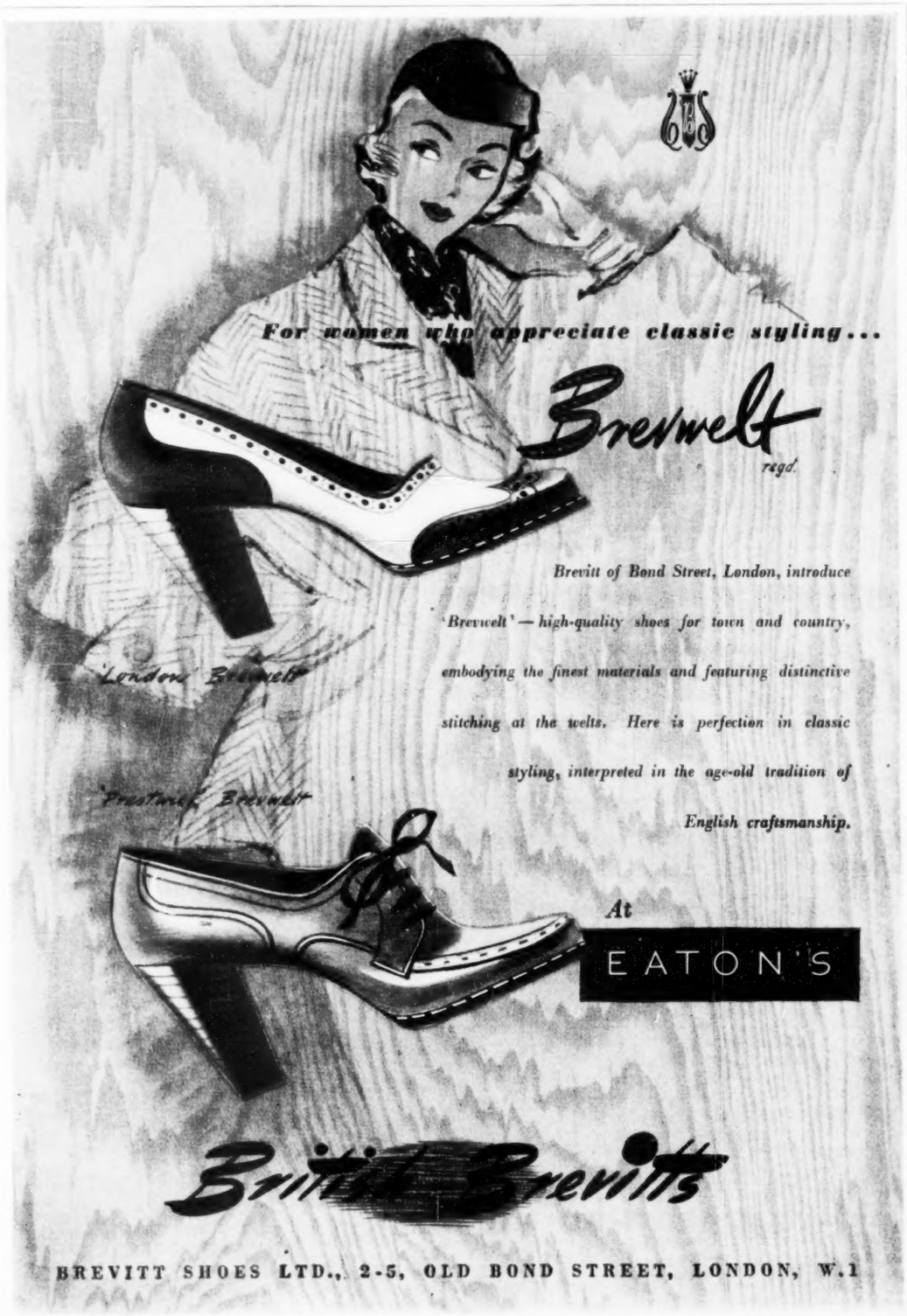
"You certainly couldn't," Myra Holt snorted. "Shelagh loves playing the grand lady, and she wouldn't let anyone else take the spotlight from her if her life depended on it."

Silence froze over them, as in a crystal. It's true, Liz thought, but how could Myra say it? Thank heaven I didn't say it. I might have, and then they'd all be looking at me in horror. She caught Mrs. Leeds' glance, and Isabel Carter's, and old Mrs. Gillespie's waiting look. They were all looking at her, but not in horror. They expected something of her. Someone had made an unkind attack on Shelagh, who was absent, and they expected defense from her.

She shattered the silence. "We all do what we can do best," she said wearily. "Nobody could do Shelagh's part as well as she does it, so naturally it's her job." The funny thing was, it sounded convincing. She wished that someone had pointed it out to her a long time ago. "Now if I can clear a path to the sink, I think I'd better tackle some of these dishes." Her hands were shaking as she started stacking cups. The group broke up and moved away in nervous, self-conscious chatter. But Mrs. Gillespie leaned forward to pat her hand. "I knew we could count on you, Liz," she said.

Liz dragged home after the last cup had been washed and the last good-by said. Shelagh had gone up to lie down, for she had a late dinner party on that night. Liz sank down in relief on her own back porch, for a few moments of peace before she had to put the potatoes on for dinner. From her kitchen window came the bouncing strains of the latest boogie-woogie hit, the slap of loafered feet on the linoleum, fresh young voices raised in good-natured wrangling. With a beautifully appointed rumpus room across the hedge, why did the teen fry have to pick on her kitchen for their jam session?

Liz's eyes widened in sudden, honest enquiry. Well, why did they? Did they like the atmosphere of casual friendliness in Dinah's home? Did they find Dinah's mother easy to talk to, interested in their problems, open-handed



with doughnuts and cokes and generous with her friendship? Was that why Raymond Hunter consulted her about persuading his father to let him take a summer job in Hudson's garage, and Pamela Keene asked her help in cutting out her new shortie coat, and Pat Norwich came alone one evening to floor her with a question as to how babies were born? Were they happier here, in her ordinary kitchen, than in Shelagh Thorpe's elaborate rumpus room? She rubbed a hand across her forehead, perplexed.

"Mrs. Merrick?" Sally Thorpe's voice sounded reedy and tentative.

"Hello, Sally. Isn't it about time you broke it up?"

"Yes, I know. We're going in a minute. But Mrs. Merrick, I wanted to ask you something."

"All right. What is it?" Sally was looking very pale. Liz wondered if she ought to try to persuade Shelagh to let Sally go fruit-picking with Dinah when school was over. She hadn't wanted Sally to be with Dinah. Sally had far too much money, too many clothes, too much charm. She didn't want Dinah ever to experience the first fatal pangs of envy. But Sally, with that pale face and the worried frown of concentration on her brow, looked rather childish and pathetic. Perhaps Sally needed Dinah and Dinah's kind of life. What an odd thought!

"Mrs. Merrick," Sally asked, very solemn, "did you ever think of taking boarders?"

Liz almost laughed, but Sally was too serious for that. "Gracious, Sally, no. Do you think I should?"

"I just wondered," Sally said, "if you would."

"Did you have any particular boarder in mind?"

"Yes. Me."

"Why Sally!" Liz was genuinely shocked. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Well, Daddy told me last night that you were going to move away, and Mrs. Merrick, I just couldn't bear that. Lots of girls go away to college—I'll be going some day, anyway—and I've only two more years of high school, and I don't think mother'd mind if I went away two years early, and I could go to school with Dinah and live with you."

Liz stared at her. "I don't think mother would mind." Poor Sally! But, oh, surely—poor Shelagh!

Suddenly Dinah was there beside her, one arm locked tightly around Sally's neck. "Sally, you goose. We aren't moving away. Whatever gave you that idea? We couldn't possibly. I've been elected captain of the school basketball team for next year. I couldn't go away. It's a terribly responsible position."

"Dinah, you didn't tell me," Liz said.

"Well, I never got around to telling you. You were pulling for me to get into that old play, but I couldn't do both, mother. Of course, Sally likes the play, but this is much more important to me. We're working on next year's team already. We're going to have an elegant outfit."

"I'm sure you are," Liz said. A heady feeling of relief swept over her. Dinah was in no danger from the green-eyed dragon. Dinah was safe. "Well, don't worry about it, Dinah. Things will work out. Now you clear that howling mob out of my kitchen and let me start dinner." But she didn't really think of them as a howling mob. She didn't even think of Sally as a precocious little charmer who wasn't good for Dinah. She thought they were all rather pathetic, and very sweet.

She had put the potatoes on and finished shelling the peas when she was aware of Mark Thorpe standing in the doorway.

"Hello, Mark. Come in."

He ambled in and folded his long length on the couch which Liz knew was out of place in an up-to-date kitchen, but which she had left there because both Henry and Mark seemed to seek it out as a refuge.

"Busy day?"

"Busy enough. I settled old Gatsby's land claim, thanks to what you told me about the way the land was staked. He was no end pleased."

"I am glad. The poor old man would have died if he'd lost those two elms in the corner field. It's funny the things that seem important to people."

"Yes," Mark said slowly, "it's very funny the things that seem important." He took the bowl from the table, set it between his knees, and began absently hulling strawberries. "I'm still getting over the shock of hearing that you intend to leave Deeping."

Liz felt herself flushing. "Well, of course it's not settled. Henry is writing the manager tonight. But it seems like a good move."

"I suppose so." Mark looked away. "You couldn't possibly realize," he said painfully, "how much I shall miss you.

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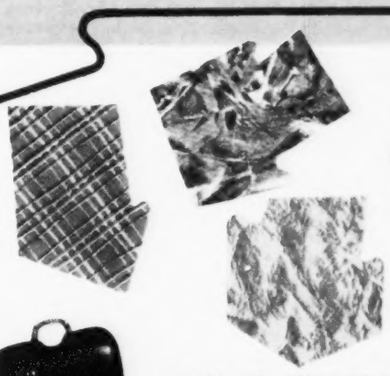

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Henry's such a—a solid person, and you—Liz, you restore me."

"Oh, Mark," she murmured, "what a beautiful compliment."

"It's true," he affirmed. "Coming in here, talking to you, watching you do all the ordinary things, listening to your common sense—" He broke off, dropped a berry into the bowl. "I used to hull strawberries for my mother, sitting on the swing on the back porch. It was an expensive proposition for her, letting me do it. Can you imagine how the cook over there would react if I wanted to do the strawberries?"

"It's not strawberries, but lobster, that she's struggling with tonight. Great gobs of it."

"Gobs of it," Mark repeated. "Then the party is on."

"I don't know where Shelagh gets all the energy. I'm ready for a basket chair in the garden."

"That sounds good to me, too. Some blokes Shelagh met in New York want her to sponsor a fashion show here, and she's having them down to discuss plans. I told her she wouldn't need me there."

"Of course she'd need you, Mark."

"No she wouldn't," he shook his head, not looking at her. "She doesn't need me. She doesn't ever need me. I've told her that. I told her last night. We had a bit of a row."

Liz saw that his eyes were bleak. But he smiled at her, a smile meant to be reassuring, a caricature of a smile. He looked away quickly. "I'm going for a turn in the park."

Liz looked after him, troubled. She felt that there was something she should do for him, but she didn't know what.

She whipped cream for the strawberries, set the table, got the steaks from the frig. Henry had warned her that he would be late.

"Liz, where are you?" That was Shelagh's voice, from the front of the house. It would never occur to Shelagh to look for anyone in the kitchen.

"Out here," Liz called back, wondering what Shelagh could be wanting.

She wasn't quite prepared for Shelagh's appearance. The dusky curls were uncombed, the lovely gamin face was innocent of make-up, and Shelagh was wearing velvet house slacks and a rumpled blouse.

"Shelagh, what's the matter?"

"Mark hasn't come home," Shelagh said.

"But that's nothing to worry about," Liz hastened to explain. "He was—"

Shelagh interrupted her. "He isn't coming," she said through shaking lips. "I know he isn't coming. He said last night—I didn't think he meant it."

"Nonsense!" Liz said sharply. "Of course he's coming. He's just—"

"No!" Shelagh's voice rose on a note of hysteria. "Liz, I know. He doesn't want to come."

"Shelagh, whatever's got into you?"

Shelagh stood in the centre of the room, her hands pressed hard against her temples. "No," she repeated, tonelessly now. "There's another woman. I know there is, Liz. Mark and I haven't—we haven't even known each other for weeks. We're only civil, we're only polite. We're not—real, at all. You know, Liz, I thought it was you, at first. Mark's always so happy, with you. You give him a kind of peace. He's contented when you're around. He relaxes. I hated you so, Liz, for a little while. And then—well, I guess I came to. I knew you wouldn't do that, Liz. I knew I could trust you. But there must be someone. Liz, what'll I do?"

Liz took her by the elbows and shook her gently. "Shelagh," she said, "there isn't anybody else. I know that. Mark's crazy about you. He doesn't want to lose you any more than you want to lose him. Only, he knows he is losing you. You're too busy for him. Too gay, and too popular, and too rushed. You haven't left room in your life for Mark." She caught a glimpse of all Shelagh's shimmering, glamorous life tumbling in ruins. All these things Shelagh had, and they meant nothing to her beside the one thing she was afraid she had lost. The airy edifice that Liz had been envying was a mirage, a lovely castle in the air without substance, without reality. Shelagh was frightened, and lonely and lost. Shelagh had come to her for help. "Make room for him again, Shelagh," she said gently.

"Shelagh," she said, "it's going to be all right. I promise you. Only now you must go. Your guests have come. Go and wash up, and change. Make it fast. And—Mark will be home." She pushed Shelagh out the door, almost into Henry's arms. Henry side-stepped neatly, and stood looking after Shelagh.

"What hit her?" he asked. "Is she sick?"

"No, of course not. She's all right, Henry"—she turned with infinite relief to Henry's sturdy figure, his dear, tired face—"do something for me. Nip down to the park and see if you can find Mark. He said he was going for a walk. You must find him." Would Mark be there? Had he, in reality, merely gone for a walk, or had he started on a much longer journey? Well, Henry would find him. She knew she could depend on Henry. "Don't come back without him, Henry. Shelagh needs him. Tell him so."

"All right," Henry said, puzzled but agreeable. "If you say so."

His hand was on the door when she stopped him. Another minute wouldn't make much difference in finding Mark.

"Henry," Liz said breathlessly, "there's something else. I don't think we can go to Scarsley." Her voice was unsteady in spite of her efforts to keep it light. Henry was staring at her. "You see, Dinah's been made captain of the school basketball team. She says she couldn't possibly leave."

"Is that a joke?" Henry asked, and she knew by his voice that it was something he didn't care to joke about.

She went over to him. "No, Henry, I mean it. I've been wrong. You knew I was wrong all along, didn't you? I wanted to run away, but you don't gain anything that way. And Henry—it's very odd, but I don't think there was anything to run away from." +

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Not since "Lady Vanishes" has Margaret Lockwood had a starring vehicle like HIGHLY DANGEROUS.

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Eric Ambler, maestro of mystery, wrote a new thriller with an iron curtain atmosphere. Antony Darnborough of QUARTET, produced it. Dane Clark flew over from Hollywood to co-star. The hand-picked cast includes actors like Marius Goring of RED SHOES and Naunton Wayne.

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On the waiting list of audiences who like something special in the way of excitement, that makes three best-quality British dramas of suspense, all completely different.

CLOUDED YELLOW stars Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard and is the new year's outstanding early success.

WOMAN IN QUESTION, a smooth detective yarn done backward, introduces a novel thriller technique possible only in movies and gives Jean Kent, in five separate roles, the starring part of her career.

HIGHLY DANGEROUS puts the emphasis on intrigue and comes as close to next week's headlines as circumstances ever permit.

★ ★ ★

That odd and now famous English urchin type, the mudlark, is also to be seen in a family comedy from Ealing, THE MAGNET.

★ ★ ★

DANCE HALL has a sextet of younger players including London's teen-age television star, Petula Clark. For rhythm specialists, here is a close-up of the dance band business overseas.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An EAGLE-LION *Release*

WITCH AND HUSBAND

Continued from page 72

at me and went back on to tackle the telephone monologue again. He must have done it a hundred different ways before he thought it was right."

After that the reporter began to understand—the secret of witchcraft in the theatre is hard-driving work. The airy grace with which the Harrisons juggle the flimsy effects of Van Druten's comedy has been achieved by labor as solid as bricklaying. John Van Druten directed his play himself, and well, but most of the critics agreed with Ward Morehouse of the World-Telegram and Sun who said, "Sparse comedy, turned into a good theatre evening by skilful playing." Brooks Atkinson, the play taster of the New York Times, said, " 'Bell, Book and Candle' can hardly be dissociated from the Harrisons, who are not only the most winning young couple now operating in these parts, but also are extraordinarily gifted actors."

The temptation to steal scenes from each other—a temptation normal among stage personalities and one which, let out of control, might conceivably even land a stage marriage in the divorce court—fortunately is given little to feed upon in "Bell, Book and Candle." The play offers Rex and Lilli equally big parts. Instead of upstaging each other, making diversionary movements during the other fellow's big speech, and other mean tricks, the Harrisons skilfully play to each other. The resulting team effect is what makes the play.

Ogled by a Monocle

There are many ardent kissing scenes in the drama, each of which conveys heat across the footlights, but the couple admit they sometimes fake the oscular acrobatics on stage.

However, the Harrisons are taking a cautious view about always appearing together in the future. The fact is that very few plays have equally strong roles for a co-starring team. Lilli says, "If we find a play with parts for both of us, we'll do it, but if Rex finds a good play in which there is no suitable part for me, I want him to go ahead and do it." Rex added, "And vice versa."

The Harrisons met in 1939 in a restaurant in Birmingham, England, while Rex was playing in Noel Coward's "Design for Living" and Lilli was a minor prisoner in an unremembered drama called "Of All People." They saw each other across the restaurant. "He wore a monocle," says Lilli, "and he ogled me through it." Rex says, "I tell you I was bewitched." They were married in 1943.

Rex's father was a Liverpool stockbroker, and his father before him. "Grandfather had an estate near Liverpool, a shooting box in Wales, that sort of thing," said Rex Harrison. "He had eight children. When the estate was divided there wasn't much for father. I was on my own at 17."

Lilli's father was a surgeon of Posen, Germany. Her mother was the noted actress, Rose Lisman. Rose Lisman burned her theatrical wardrobe after she was married.

Rose Lisman's wardrobe rose from the ashes when her daughter entered a dramatic academy. Lilli and her kid

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FASHIONWISE CROCHET

A spanking white dressmaker cloche with matching ascot to act like a tonic on a dark spring suit. Its strictly tailored charm is relieved by the glitter touch of sequins on hatband and scarf. The shallow brim is wired for firmness and faced with the contrasting color. No. S251.

Everybody loves the timeless line of the casual beret. Its easygoing smartness makes it one of the best bets of the season and it will take you right on through summer. Make it in crisp white with a tillip of color in the band and in the matching shoulder strap bag. No. S252.

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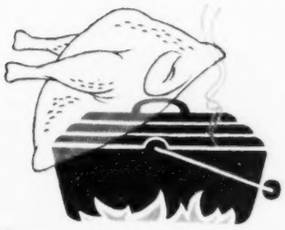
sister Hilde, also an actress, went as refugees to Britain just before Munich.

When Lilli and Rex were married at the bottom of the war, he was following an impossible schedule. He was a flight lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, making a movie and rehearsing a play.

By this time Rex was the best in the business at portraying the aristocratic, debonair buck-about-town. He had neatly assumed the opera cloak of the late Leslie Howard, lost in a shot-down transport plane off Lisbon. Leslie Howard was a Hungarian named Arpad Steiner. Noel Coward is a middle-class boy from Golders Green, London. George Arliss was another stage swell with humble origins in Bloomsbury. None of them — including Rex Harrison — came from blue-blood backgrounds.

In fact the titled buck they portray has never existed in real life. No such character as the fascinating book publisher Rex plays in Van Druten's play has ever existed. (This your reporter knows for sure, having been involved in the publishing business.) But Rex Harrison makes you believe such charac-



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ters ought to exist. Brooks Atkinson of the Times feels similarly toward Rex's wife. "Since Miss Palmer is playing a witch the existence of practicing witches seems, on the whole, desirable."

Although Anna and the King of Siam, which Harrison made after he came to this continent in 1945, perhaps did more than any other picture to establish him over here, he was not happy about the roles Hollywood gave him.

"I played parts that I felt weren't right for me, in stories I didn't like. I did the best I could but I was often unhappy about the results. I did make a lot of money. Money wasn't worth much in Hollywood. You watched it dissolve before your eyes."

Hollywood Got Him Down

"The climate was monotonous and unstimulating. The luxury was ruinous. The shop talk was the worst of all. I have always had friends in other walks of life besides the film studios. They are good for one's balance. In Britain when you go out to dinner you meet lawyers, doctors, politicians. In Hollywood you meet nothing but film people. The sameness gets you down."

Rex gave these statements to the English movie magazine, Picturegoer. His honest reaction was relayed back to Hollywood. The lady dragons of that community who syndicate the Hollywood dream to the public in their movie columns rose up in their funny hats and smote Rex Harrison in a thousand newspapers. His crime was compared with the British pyromania in Washington in 1814. It left the actor with less hair and an appreciation of the limits of free speech in the United States.

In 1949 Rex returned to the stage when he strapped some pillows on himself and played the eighth King Henry in "Anne of the Thousand Days" on Broadway. The New York critics said he was great.

The Harrisons have a run-of-play contract in "Bell, Book and Candle" and Broadway thinks it can run two years. However, standard run-of-play contracts may be terminated each May 31. Lilli and Rex would like very much to summer in Britain and Italy, and Rex is signed to make a film of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." Before Lilli appeared in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" two years ago, she visited the late playwright at Ayot St. Lawrence to seek Shaw's counsel. Shaw opened the interview by announcing that he didn't think she could handle the part of Cleopatra, and proceeded to bait his fair visitor.

Lilli stood so much of it, and then blew up and told Mr. Shaw she thought he was very, very rude. G. B. S. snickered joyfully at her tantrum. "There, my dear. You'll do. I was just trying to see if you had any passion in you. You'll make a good Cleopatra."

Last year in England the Harrisons played in their first film together, a psychological drama called "The Long Dark Hall," which will be shown here this year. Rex was also co-producer, an expansion of his activities which he hopes to continue. He wants to direct and produce. Lilli says of the film, "It's my sort of show, all big handkerchiefs and tears. He prefers comedy." She adds, "I'm the commercial member of this family. Rex keeps the art banner flying." +

"Better than my own French Dressing!"

SO SAY THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF HARD-TO-PLEASE WOMEN. SOME ARE TALKING ABOUT KRAFT FRENCH, SOME ABOUT MIRACLE FRENCH, ALSO MADE BY KRAFT. SEE WHAT YOU THINK!

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Peel and chill firm tomatoes. Slightly soften Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with milk. Form 2 rows of petals on each tomato by pressing level teaspoons of the cheese against the side of the tomato, drawing the teaspoon down with a curving motion. Sprinkle center of each "rose" with hard-cooked egg yolk pressed through a strainer. Serve on greens with *Miracle* or *Kraft* French Dressing.

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Just try these two delightful

FRENCH DRESSINGS by KRAFT

A TINT TO YOUR HAIR

Continued from page 11

polish on your honest-to-goodness hair tone, shows it in a lovely light. Use rinses as you do your lipsticks, for subtle change. Have several shades to wash in and out of your hair—or have your hairdresser do it. Vary these shades with your whim, your outfit, the occasion. To give you some idea of the scope—a blonde may try honey, silver, ash, titian, platinum, or rosy pastel; a redhead has ginger, copper and red gold from which to choose; if your hair is a ho hum brown, light it up with auburn, red gold, orange red, rich chestnut, or dark brown; black heads turn beautiful with blue-black, purple black or glossy jet; and the lucky greyhead has platinum, silver, smoke blue, shadow blue or soft mauve.

This color is temporary, you understand, washing out with your regular shampoo, though only soap releases the pigment. The rules of play vary depending on the rinse you buy—all have detailed instructions enclosed. With most types you slightly towel-dry your hair following your shampoo, then dissolve a capsule or envelope of powder in a stipulated amount of water and pour this liquid color over and over your head, till almost all the color's gone. With the more concentrated rinses (so identified on the package) color may be brushed on from the roots to the ends. Keep parting hair all round your head as you work. Then comb the rinse through the hair, to even out the color. A final clear water rinse, and your hair is pretty as candlelight.

Color Blend is the second method of adding color to your topknot. Thoroughly reliable, this chemical formula is applied by your hairdresser. It is particularly valuable on just-greying hair. It works this way: grey hair absorbs color more rapidly than darker hair, which simply brightens. The result is a blending, a natural variation of tone. Your true hair shade is enhanced while greying strands are almost indiscernible. There's no all-over solid color (hair never grows that way, have you noticed?) and, as new hair comes, no boundary line along your part.

Your hairdresser gives a routine skin patch test first, and enquires about the past history of your hair. The blend will add about 20 minutes to your appointment, about $2.50 to your bill. The youthful effect lasts for approximately four months, gradually wears off.

The color blend changes your hair color very, very little—nothing so definite that you can't drop the whole idea whenever you want to. If you hanker for something really different—let's get on.

A Tint is the third method of coloring your hair—and the one that's causing most stir at the moment. Some types are shampooed into the head, others are applied with a brush to wet hair, then combed in evenly. The latest products take far less time than former dyes (one half hour contrasted with three hours) and come in remarkably true-to-nature shades. The hair requires no pre-bleaching or softening, is left soft and manageable after the operation.

A color shampoo tint will give you a fairly wide variation in color, complete camouflage of grey sections. The experts recommend you choose a shade in the range *lighter* than your own. The formula combines shampoo, bleach and tint in a single, simultaneous action. This is washed through your hair in under 30 minutes. Some color shampoo tints are obtainable only from your hairdresser; others are appearing on retail counters.

Should you decide on a home-base job, buy only a reliable, well-known brand. Read the label and any enclosures, and check that it incorporates those technical advances we have mentioned here. Then, team up with a neighbor, for just as it takes two to give a home perm, two can share the work on a home color session, as well. Follow the manufacturer's instructions to the letter, and use common sense caution in handling. A preliminary patch test must be made to ensure that you are not allergic to any ingredients. To do this, dab a little of the tint on the inside of your arm with a square of cotton. Leave this area undisturbed for 24 hours. If the skin remains normal, go ahead with the tinting. A final caution: be sure there are no cuts or irritations of any sort on the scalp.

If you do this tinting yourself, it will cost about $3. Your hairdresser may charge from $3.50 to $5. About once a month you'll need a touch up along your hairline and part. You may eke out the original color an extra 10 days or so with the help of a hair pencil or a tube of cream touch-up.

There will be a short, potent pause

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A TILT TO YOUR HAT

Mr. John of New York millinery fame designs a parasol and calot of blue and white polka dot silk. He calls it, "Suddenly It's Spring!"

One of our models takes time out to admire the bevy of beautiful hats photographed for page 10. She wears Poslun's imported champagne gabardine suit. The softly tailored jacket has a notched collar outlined with stitching. About $70.

Sally Victor of New York calls this her Rocker bonnet. It swoops up at the back for your chignon. Colors are red and white mixture straw with narrow red lace edge and scarlet camellias.

Continued from page 10

carried out with an accent on veils. The colors and textures of these new veils are designed to accent your best feature. Some shadow the eyes in a mystical way. Others soften the mouth and still others swath the head to form a complete hat of maline or heavy mesh. Fashion's newest fad comes with sewing a small jewel or flower to the veil.

Watch for triple and double brims; velvet ribbons; ice-cream-colored felts with a natural affinity for suits; a lone quill on an otherwise plain hat; romantic flowers in lavish abundance; flowers caged in veiling; white cotton lace forming petals all over the crown of a cloche; collapsible hats for traveling.

There should be no such thing as a "middle age" hat this year. You're as young as you feel in your new spring bonnet. Millinery has new meaning . . . more feminine, prettier and an air of self-elegance. This is a meaning every woman understands and every man loves. It's happy talk for a happy Easter. ✦

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here for a warning-finger wag or two. Tints *are* dyes—no matter how mild, how cleverly compounded. They cannot be washed out at will, like a rinse. Once you've turned Peachy Pink you can't switch to Smoldering Amber next Tuesday week. You are going to remain Peachy Pink till the present hair grows out. Manufacturers of these hair color wonders are the first to point this out. They want you to be happy about your new hair hue—and they hope you'll take the time and thought to pick a shade that will content you for some time to come.

Dyes. Fourth and final method of outwitting nature is the professionally applied, full-strength dye processes. These remain the answer for those restless few who want a permanent, somewhat spectacular switch in hair color. Joan Bennett is a case in point—in actual fact a honey blonde, she decided several years ago she looked better with jet black hair. And she's been a black beauty ever since.

Such a drastic change in the color of *your* hair may come off beautifully—and may not. Color balance is a factor in your appearance which, likely, you've never thought about. If you check with your mirror you'll see a definite harmony between your skin tone, your hair, your eyes—even your teeth! Destroy this color balance through a big change in your hair and the final effect is ageing and hard—phony as a three-dollar bill. This is a fact that has particular meaning for the older woman. Nature softens her general coloring to keep harmony with her whitening hair. If she dyes her hair—blonde, red, black—she may appear ludicrous.

But for the rare Joan Bennett type, whose basic coloring is suited to an entirely different hair shade from the one she was handed in the cradle—and for the gal whose hair greys out at an unreasonably youthful age—the professional dye job may be wholly successful.

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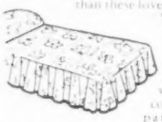

Nothing makes a bedroom lovelier than these lovely bedspreads by **TOWER**! They come with a dashing full-frilled valance. Dustproof and waterproof. Fast colours in smartest patterns—long-lasting; matching window-drapes available.

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TOWER offers you a wide variety of comfort-creating accessories for the Most Precious Member of the Household: moisture-proof "Aristolite" Baby Pants, bibs, aprons, diaper bags, high chair pads, crib bumpers.

Ask your dealer to show you the wonderfully wide range of items made by **TOWER**—"A Name You Can Depend On."

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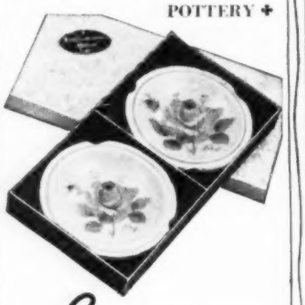

Choose pleasing, gracious gifts from famous English potteries. Beautifully packaged in blue and gleaming silver. Bearing the Staffordshire House "Seal of Approval"—a recognized sign of the finest craftsmanship.

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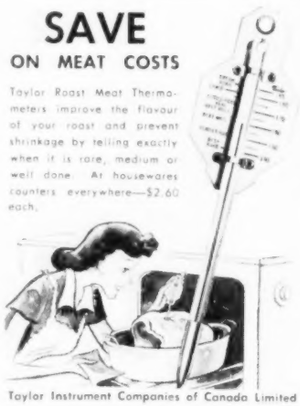
Taylor Roast Meat Thermometers improve the flavour of your roast and prevent shrinkage by telling exactly when it is rare, medium or well done. At housewares counters everywhere—$2.60 each.



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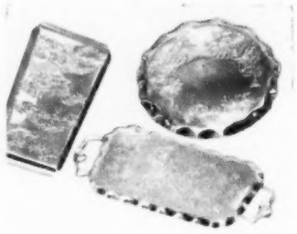


Matching trays. Heirlooms of tomorrow in Canadian copper are handsomely embossed. Large serving tray with handles, 18 X 10½ is about $9; sandwich tray 18 X 7½ about $5.25; the round server, 13 inches in diameter, also $5.25.

Speedy mixer with 6 to 1 gear ratio (that's high speed). It mixes, fluffs, whips and blends foods thoroughly with little splattering. Cleans easily; works well for southpaws, too. Recommended to beat a path into good eating. About $4.25.

Deep fryer opens a whole new work of cooking magic. From fish to doughnuts, cooks one food after another without flavor transference. Does the job in two to seven minutes. No smoking, scorching. No soggy greasy taste. Electrically controlled. $30.

with expert knowledge and experience, and let him decide on color, intensity, method. Realize that the upkeep on this business is going to cost a pretty penny—and budget accordingly.

Don't try to dabble with heavy dyes, peroxide or home-brewed bleaches on your own. The result can only be disaster, both in appearance and hair health. Brassy, streaked hair is no lady's crowning glory.

If you are planning on a permanent, have it first, then feel free to experiment with some type of added color. If you make the mistake of putting the color before the permanent, you will find that in the case of a color blend, the permanent will remove most of the color. In the case of a tint or a dye, your permanent may not take.

There you have it . . . a quick rundown of fashion's newest fancy, highlights for your hair. The topic is very new and newsy. Latest products may not be in full supply in your local shops. Entirely new ones may still be in the creative stage. But the trend is here, and is sure to gain new strength in coming months. So please look on this as a sort of interim report. We'll file this piece in our Bring Forward folder. And do just that, in early issues. +

HOW TO GET A MAN

Continued from page 9

my qualifications. But I wouldn't marry any man who would answer such an ad. I'm not that desperate—yet.

I have a good job which I enjoy; I am providing for a single old age; and I have a circle of friends, mostly female with a sprinkling of married couples. I attend as many—perhaps more—concerts, movies and hockey games as my married friends. I have a small but pleasant apartment where I get a bang out of living with my books and radio and records and hobbies and friends.

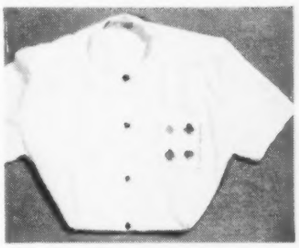
Then why should I butt my head against the barrier that separates me from the eligible men in my own age bracket who must live in a city this size? Nature, my dears, nature. Male and female. Something to warm my feet on a cold night. Sunday morning breakfast in bed. The patter of little feet, and the possibility of one day attaining the rank of grandmother.

Church, says the kindly adviser in the newspaper column, is a splendid place to meet new people. Join a church

WITH CHATELAINE

Send for Shopping with Chatelaine leaflet to learn where these items may be purchased. Please do not send orders to this department.

Matching scarves. A ripple in the wave of fashion. Liberty of London tie-silk kerchief 24 inches square bands a straw sailor knotting at the back. The matching beauty knots casually at the neckline. Each scarf $4.50; sailor $3.25.



Smart Canasta trick. Classic shirtwaist in snowy celanese crepe fastened with heart, club, spade and diamond-shaped porcelain buttons. Pocket embroidery in red and black is designed over net. Shirtwaist, sizes 12 to 18, under $4.

Prize Blooms. Lilac sprays you'll mistake for the real thing; more enduring than the garden variety. Wear a sprig or three, even five to give spring freshness to dress or suit. In white, pink, mauve-purple, each sprig at 65c.

group. My church has two organized groups—a young people's and a women's. Romance blossoms in the young people's group. But I am a not-so-young person. At my age the church expects me to be married, living in a suburban bungalow and sending children to Sunday school. The women's group meets in the afternoon while I am at work downtown. Occasionally I help with evening bazaars and teas and work on committees that meet at the various members' homes—where I meet other women and sometimes their husbands who come to drive them home. Single men of 35 are not enthusiastic habitues of this type of gathering.

What about the men at my office? Dozens of them. Of those my age or older all but two are married. One doesn't measure up to my three minimum requirements of marriageability as set out above. The second is of a different religious faith and wouldn't marry me if I did believe in mixed marriages—which I don't.

Change your job, you say. And I suppose when applying for a new job I should query the personnel manager about the supply of eligible men. Or do I just take pot luck, jumping from job to job, building up a reputation for instability so that I end up without a job at all? Besides, I like my present job and if I'm doomed to slave over a typewriter till I'm 60 I prefer to enjoy it.

Prospective husbands are in greater supply and more easily met in the great open spaces. Yes, but while I would follow a guy I loved to Yellowknife or the outer reaches of Mongolia, I'm not willing to cut all ties and hike that far on the gamble that I might find a wedding ring at the end of the trail. I'm not that set on marriage for the simple sake of being married.

No, I still believe there's a man right here in this same town, possibly just around the corner. We probably pass each other every morning on the way to work. We sit side by side in the same movie. Or he might be the man who sold me the rug for my apartment living room. But how and where are we ever going to meet socially so we'll have a chance to discover that we both like three-minute eggs?

Oh, I can meet men all right. I simply have to go to the nearest bar with a girl friend and sit at a table for four. Within half an hour the other chairs will be filled by two men. They will pay for our drinks, buy us supper, take

Continued on page 92

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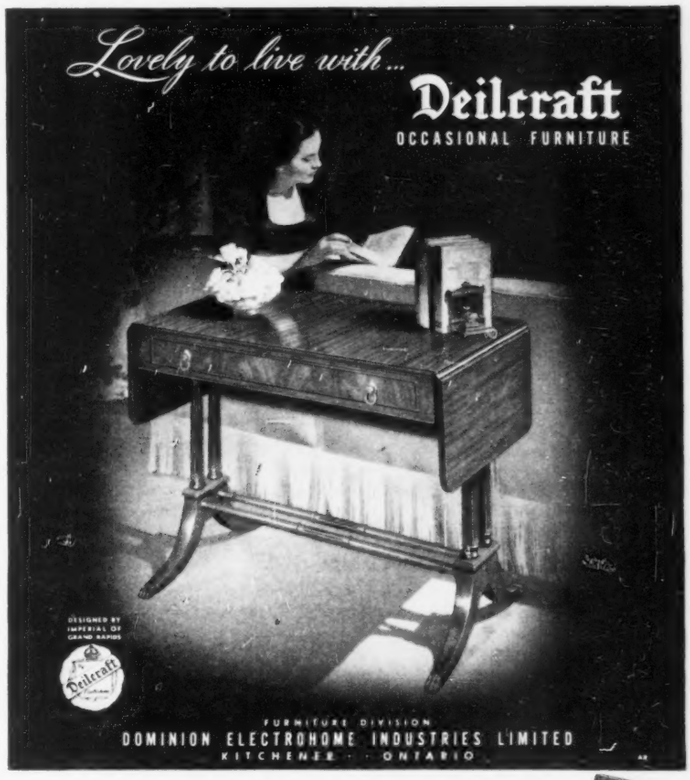

Write for ELECTROHOME'S new illustrated booklet: "The Choice and Use of Tables". Tells how to use Deilcraft Occasional tables in more attractive settings—Tells, too, about the care and cleaning of furniture! Send 10c in stamps to Dept. 12, Dominion Electrohome Industries Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.

ELECTROHOME RADIOS WILL HARMONIZE WITH YOUR DEILCRAFT FURNITURE

Two pitfalls to guard against: father may be flattered by his daughter's attention; mother jealous of her own child.

THE LOVE AFFAIR EVERY CHILD HAS

One of my neighbors is worried about the way her five-year-old son feels about her husband.

"Bobby seems to positively dislike him," she remarked not long ago. "He doesn't seem to want his father around the house. I just don't understand it."

The woman described a recent incident that had occurred. Father had been out of town on business for a week. When Bobby came down early one morning he found father having breakfast with mother. He was obviously displeased with what he saw.

"Why don't you go away?" he asked his father in a burst of tears. "I don't want you to eat with my mommy. She's just for me."

Perhaps it will comfort this mother to know that Bobby's behavior is by no means unusual. It is fairly common for young boys (approximately between three and six years of age) to at times regard their father more as an enemy than a friend. They may openly tell father to "stay at the office" or "go away on another holiday" or not to put their arm around or kiss mommy.

Why do the youngsters act in such an apparently mysterious manner?

The truth of the matter is that during the three to six year period, the young boy is drawn emotionally close to his mother. He talks of "being in love with mother" and declares his intention of "marrying mother when I grow up." More than ever before, he wants mother all to himself.

But the small boy soon + *Continued on page 89*

BY SIDNEY KATZ

The devotion a girl feels for her father — a son for his mother — may seem natural and right, but unless this young love is wisely handled it can trap a child for life

Big Appetites

from little spoonfuls grow!

One baby spoon slightly tipped with cereal. That's the way your baby will start. But the spoonfuls will get bigger quickly if your baby starts on Gerber's new Rice Cereal! It's tasty, easy to digest, agrees even with many tots inclined to be allergic to other cereals!

Gerber's is *first* to make a ready-to-serve Rice Cereal for babies. That's natural! We added this fourth to Gerber's cereal shelf because it's our business to provide foods babies like and need.

Oatmeal Cereal, Cereal Food, Barley Cereal and *now* Rice Cereal — all pre-cooked." Just add milk or formula, and serve! Babies started on any one of our "quads" get extra iron, calcium and B-Vitamins because all four Gerber's Cereals are richer than whole grain in these important nutrients.

Ask your doctor which cereal to start your baby on. Sooner or later he may advise you to rotate all four, for variety.

Before long, too, you'll want to follow up with Gerber's wonderful Strained Fruits, Meat Soups, Vegetables and Desserts — now made in Canada. All true flavour, and true colour. All have the *creamy-smooth* texture perfected by Gerber's for young-infant feeding.

Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS

Bringing Up Baby

Hints collected by
Mrs Dan Gerber
(Mother of 5)

Here's a hint for mothers who are in doubt about when to start toilet training. Begin when baby can stay dry for as long as 2 hours at a stretch. Doctors say this is one time when we should not go by baby's age.

* * *

Pretty soft. You can make a comfortable mattress for the playpen by folding up an old blanket and tufting it.

* * *

Copycats. Do you put pins in your mouth when diapering baby? An observing child will imitate you as soon as he is able!

* * *

The carriage trade. Ever watch a mother struggle getting Baby's carriage up or down a curb? Carriages with small wheels are hard to handle this way. But avoid big wheels, too. They make the carriage bouncy, easy for a lively baby to tip over. Look for the happy medium.

* * *

Eating it up. When baby has a chance to cultivate a taste for many foods, he's not apt to be finicky later on. Gerber's offers mothers a wide variety of Strained Fruits, Vegetables and Desserts. Try them all. There's a place for each and every one in baby's diet.

* * *

Sitting Pretty. If your baby's inherited a high chair that's not as broad around the base as you'd like, take this safety tip from one of our helpful readers: Fasten a common screen door hook on the back of the high chair, and the eye on the wall or door frame. When Baby is hooked up like this, Mother can safely turn her back.

Egg them on: Some babies don't like the consistency of a hard-cooked egg. Thinning it with milk, or mixing it with baby's favourite Gerber Strained Vegetable or Cereal often works. Don't forget to use the whites for salads or creamed dishes. If you bake and can use uncooked whites for meringues, separate the egg and poach only the yolk for baby.

* * *

It's a Gift. Yes, samples of Gerber's Cereals. The brand-new Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Oatmeal Cereal and Cereal Food. To get these, all ready to serve your New Baby or Toddler, just drop a card to Dept. A3, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.

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Papas Go For Evenflo!

Feeding baby with an Evenflo Nurser is duck soup for dads! They are intrigued by Evenflo's easy "nipple-down for sealing and nipple-up for feeding" feature. They admire Evenflo's engineering—nipple valves that keep normal air pressure inside bottle and help babies nurse easier.

Get Evenflo Nursers at baby shops, drug & dept. stores. *Distributors:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto — Winnipeg

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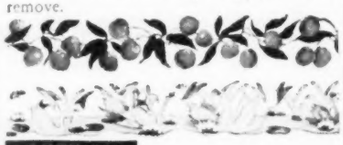

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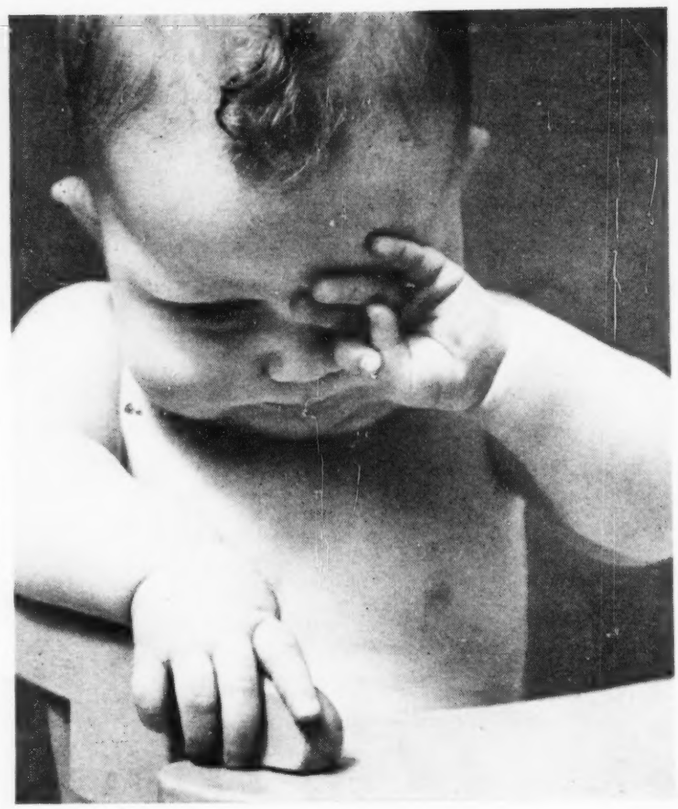

TIPS ON BABY CARE

for the new mother

All sorts of minor problems crop up when you have a baby in your home—especially if it's your first one. Probably you will feel more comfortable if you know the common causes of some of these troubles and what you can or should do about them.

Hiccoughs Most small babies have occasional bouts of hiccoughs. We are not sure why they occur, but they are likely due to the backing up of a little food from the stomach into the lower end of the gullet or oesophagus. They are of no consequence and usually, if you give your baby two or three teaspoons of warm water, they stop. In older babies they may be a sign of mild indigestion.

Spitting Up A young baby occasionally spits up a little of his feeding, usually within a short time after taking it. It is nearly always curdled or sour, because the stomach juices are normally quite acid.

Air or gas in baby's stomach is a common cause of spitting up. The best way to help baby bring up this air is to hold him well up over your left shoulder and to rub or pat his back gently as you do so. Put a folded towel or diaper on your shoulder as he often brings up a little of his formula as well. It may take several minutes for the gas to come up, and you gain nothing by trying to hurry him. Some people believe it is more effective to hold baby in a sitting position when rubbing his back. If you put him to sleep with much air in his stomach he will likely bring up quite a bit of his feeding when he burps, and he may be so uncomfortable that he will wake up and cry. The air is probably swallowed when he takes his feeding and if he eats ravenously it often is wise to "bubble" him when he is half through his meal as well as at the end of it.

If your baby spits up often, you would be wise to discuss this with your physician.

Vomiting This is the proper term to use when larger amounts of the feeding are lost. If your baby vomits only once and seems perfectly well in every other way, there is nothing to worry about. However, it is best not to give him his next feeding until it is due—so that his stomach will have a chance to calm down. If vomiting occurs more than once you should contact your physician.

Causes of Vomiting Jouncing or playing with a baby just after his meal may result in vomiting. As most babies

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC
ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director

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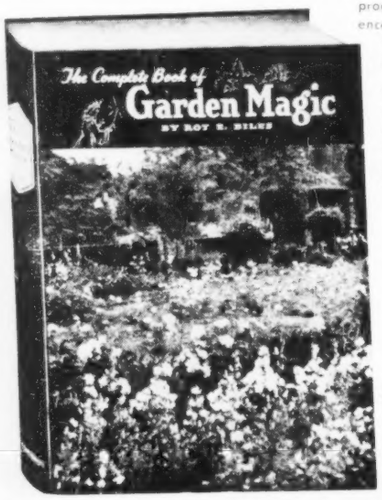

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like to go to sleep after eating, you'd be wise to change his nightgown, diaper and otherwise prepare him for bed as much as possible before feeding him.

Very often vomiting is one of the first symptoms of a cold or other infection coming on. Therefore you would be wise to take his temperature by rectum with a rectal thermometer, well greased with white petrolatum or cold cream. Lay baby, tummy-side-down, on your lap, and hold the thermometer while you are taking his temperature. Most babies don't mind this procedure at all. If your baby has a temperature of over 100 deg. he is feverish and as it is sometimes difficult even for a physician to discover what is causing the trouble, you should certainly not try to handle the situation yourself.

Once in a long while—this type is commoner in young boy babies than in girls—the vomiting is due to pyloro-spasm or pyloric stenosis. In both these diseases the mechanism controlling the passage of the food out of the stomach is abnormal, and both of them are probably due to defects that have been present from birth. They cause very violent vomiting and a physician should take charge of such a baby. Sometimes an operation is needed.

Crying—Babies vary tremendously in the amount of crying they do. Twenty years ago mothers were told that crying was good for their babies and they were even advised to make them cry if necessary! Now we are thankful to have a non-crier in the house.

Many babies cry for a few minutes after they are put back to bed. If they don't quiet down after five or 10 minutes it is usually advisable to pick them up, change them, "bubble" them, soothe them, then lay them down again.

Crying due to Hunger—Hungry babies usually wake up an hour or so before their next feeding is due. They take all their formula eagerly and they often chew their fists. Their gain in weight is slow. This brings up the question of how frequently you should weigh your baby. If you have your own scales, once a week is sufficient during the first six months—once every two weeks is often enough in the last half of the first year. Weighing a baby every day is a poor idea because his weight is affected so much by when he had his last meal or a movement or other such things. If your baby seems to be hungry and has gained little for two weeks you would be well advised to talk it over with your doctor.

Crying due to Colic—These troubles usually occur in the first three months and very often babies with colic are gaining too fast. Often they cry after one particular meal. For instance they may yell from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.—just when you are tired yourself—or they may cry most of the afternoon or even the night. If you can soothe your baby by holding him, you are certainly justified in doing so, especially if nothing else quiets him.

If your baby seems to be suffering pain, which may be suggested by his drawing up his legs, you might try the following home remedies in the order in which they are given.

(1) Give him two ounces of warm boiled water containing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda).

(2) Put a warm hot water bottle covered with a cloth on your lap and lay your baby, tummy side down, on it.

(3) Insert a glycerine suppository (which you can buy at a drugstore) into the rectum and put his diaper on rather snugly. After 15 minutes he will probably have had a movement and this may relieve his discomfort.

(4) If none of the preceding has relieved your baby, you would be wise to give him an enema of two ounces of warm water. Use a rubber syringe with a rubber catheter attached, and lubricate the latter well with white petrolatum. Enemas, however, should not be used frequently.

A baby with colic is very wearing. You will become very tired and depressed if you don't get away at intervals from his distressing crying. Arrange with someone—your husband or a good friend, for example—to take over at least twice a week. Similarly your husband should not be allowed to suffer this crying every evening even though he is willing to do so. ✚

LOVE AFFAIR

Continued from page 86

realizes that he cannot monopolize her. Father becomes his chief rival for mother's time, attention and affection. He is capable of taking mother away. He can take her out for the evening or engage her in conversation for long periods. In the real sense of the word, father becomes his rival. Hence the real antagonism between father and son.

What is true of son and mother at this age is true of daughter and father.

The little girl is strongly attracted to father and competes with mother for his attention.

Now this family situation, which disturbs many parents, has been known to psychiatrists for some time. They have a name for it. They speak of "The Family Romance" or "The Oedipus Complex."

Fortunately, The Family Romance is a temporary phase in the life of most children. It is also a very necessary period during which the child learns much emotionally and sexually that helps him fit into the grown-up world later on.

In the average home, by the time a boy is six or 7 years old, he no longer wants to cling to mother. He has his school and his sports and his gang. Dad is no longer regarded as a bitter rival, and he begins to hero-worship him.

Unfortunately, in some cases, the small child does not successfully pass through The Family Romance. Mothers may cling too tenaciously to their sons. Fathers may hold on to their daughters too tightly.

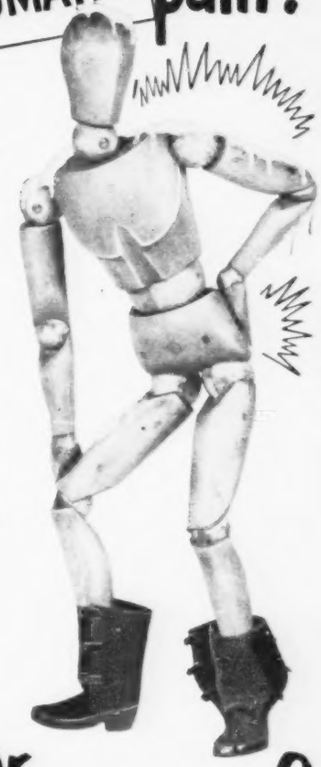
And the result? All of us know adult males who are still completely bound emotionally to their mothers. They are trapped, as helpless as flies entangled in a spider web. Such men do not marry. If they do, the match usually goes on the rocks since the man tries to be a lover to two women—wife and mother.

Let's look at some real life situations:

At 38 George B. is known as the town bachelor. He has often said that he really wants to marry, but that the right woman never shows up. He has gone

Continued on page 92

Cold weather RHEUMATIC pain?



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READER TAKES OVER

Bewitched

Dear Editor: As a reader who has been "scalped" by a modern witch doctor, let me offer a word of praise for Chatelaine's story by Sidney Katz in your February issue. I just wish it had been published five years ago . . . it would have saved my health and my money. Yours for more of this kind of exposé.

—Mrs. A. Brown.

Vancouver, B.C.

Faithful Friend

Dear Editor: I can't count the times I have resolved to write you . . . My friends over the years have poked fun at me and Chatelaine. If I could not be found they would say, "Oh, she is at home with her Chatelaine!" During the war years I was stationed in England. During those years Chatelaine was a faithful friend and tonic, and it was handed round to lots of people. It would be a difficult task to say which article in the paper was appreciated most. As a matter of fact I myself start at the beginning and go right through to the end, then once again in case, when turning the leaves to read one of the stories through, I may have missed a page . . .

—Emma Davies,

Madras, India.

Disagrees with "Open Letter"

Dear Editor: I read "Open Letter to a Mother," by Maida Parlow French in a recent issue, and I feel an impulse to reply. I may say that I faced much the same problem as Mrs. French, although in my case there was a happy ending.

I hope I shall not be thought of as taking away from Mrs. French's sacrifice and courage when I say that I don't agree with all she sets down. I know we usually simplify our problems to make them understandable to ourselves and others; but I can't agree that in 1939 the ordeal facing us could be stated as "one man like Hitler could take away the peace of the world." In any case by the time one's country is at war it must be defended . . . it seems to me by that time there is no individual choice to make.

I heard the song, "This is worth fighting for," during the war, and I didn't like it. It's savage—just a nicely worded defense of property; what of those who had no property?

The last war didn't begin with Hitler, though it came to a head with him. If we have another world war, we can't lay all the blame at the door of the Russians, or Chinese or Communists; it's not so simple as all that. Somehow we must break out of this "endless circle of force and retaliation, violence and war," as Mr. Truman said recently.

Mrs. French spoke of trying to do something for young D.P.'s and getting no response to her efforts to place these young people in homes. I wonder does she know the hostile attitude of many Canadians toward D.P.'s, to foreign people generally, and even to immigrants from the U. K. I suppose this is called "fighting for your own." Surely we'll have to think of a better way?

—Mrs. M. R.

St. Catharines, Ont.

A Perfect Gem

. . . "Any Shepherds for Tea?" by Catherine Fraser in December was a *perfect* gem. Our whole family loved it.

—Mrs. M. W. B.

Montreal, Que.

. . . I was most interested to find in your Christmas issue a story by Violet King, "Bells of Heaven." I read a book of hers some years ago, and while the material was good, I felt the writer had been unable to cope with its vastness. In "Bells of Heaven" I found such a change I was delighted. Father Talbot will stay with me, and young Joe. The colored illustration caught exactly the atmosphere of the story.

I should like to mention that I lived in Hamilton from 1925-32, and remember the first Chatelaine. Since then I have spent 17 years in Britain, and have recently returned. I felt as though Chatelaine was an old friend to be greeted, and I wish it continued success.

—Mrs. C. H.

Hamilton, Ont.

More Gardening, Please

Dear Editor: Am writing to say how much I have enjoyed Helen O'Reilly's series of gardening articles. I think I can speak for the many readers who are amateur gardeners like myself that she should have an article in Chatelaine every month. We amateurs would benefit from it immensely.

—Mrs. C. L. J.

Carragana, Sask.

The Weakest Link

Dear Editor: I was interested in the article, "High School Casualties." However there are a few angles which need further investigation.

I feel that higher education at the moment is laying its boast firmly on quantity, with the result that it is brought down to the standard of the weakest link. The object of a high school should be to produce well-educated human beings—people whose aim would be to give their best to the world, rather than get the most out of it.

—Mrs. M. D.

Duncan, B. C.

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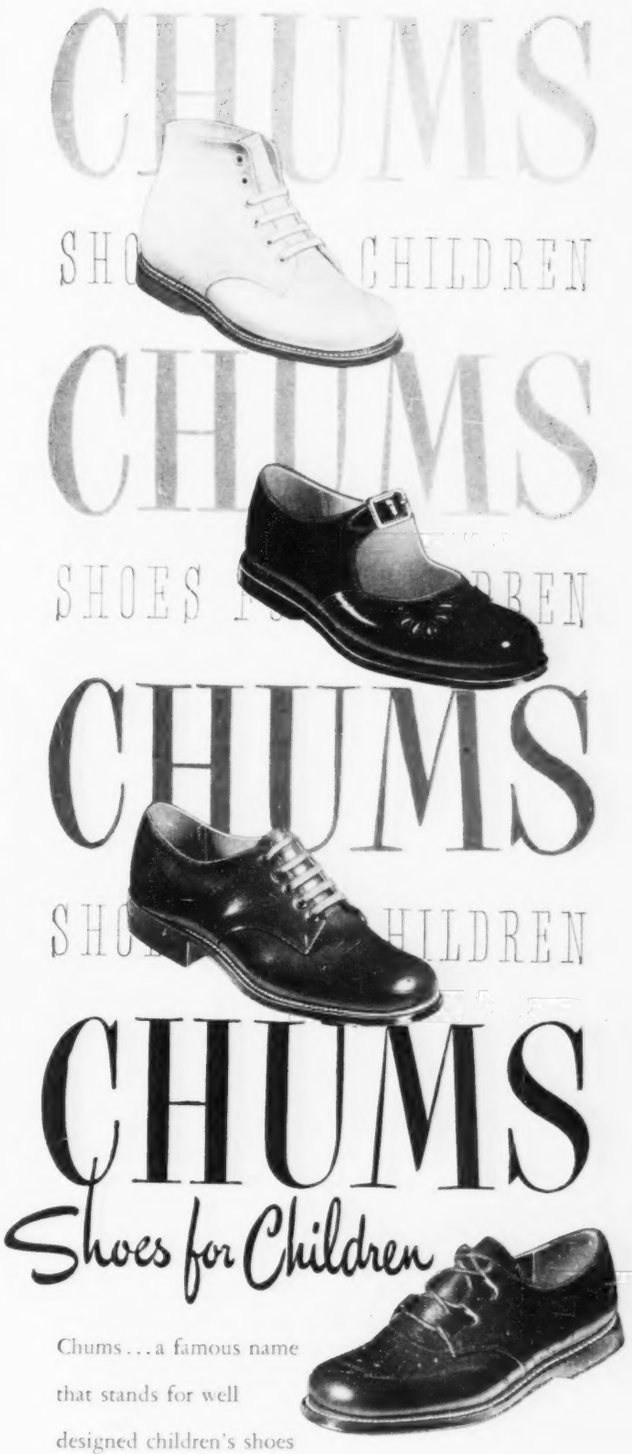

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LOVE AFFAIR

Continued from page 89

out with dozens of girls, but none of them were quite good enough. (What he was really seeking was a woman to take his mother's place.)

Or consider the unhappy plight of Peter R. whose wife is on the verge of leaving him. All during childhood and youth it was mother he turned to for everything he wanted. Father was okay, but he never seemed to be a very important person around the house. It was mother who worked part time, to help Peter acquire a professional education. While establishing his practice after graduation, he continued to live at home. After disapproving of several of his girl friends, mother finally approved of the girl he married.

They continued to live in the mother's house. After a month it became apparent that the arrangement was not going to work out. Mother still regarded the husband as her little boy and the girl as a conscienceless seductress out to take her son away from his mother.

"Father's Girl"

What happens to the girl who remains "in love" with her father indefinitely?

Eleanor R. is pretty and blond and possesses a neat figure. She's the sort of woman that men look at twice. But Eleanor is not interested in men. Now 32, she keeps house for father, a practice she started 15 years ago when her mother died.

Because of the close, long-standing relationship with father, she is emotionally incapable of marriage to another man.

The two men and the woman whom I have just described share one thing in common: their lives have been stunted by parents who were not aware of the Family Romance or the Oedipus Situation.

Dr. Sigmund Freud, the famous Viennese psychoanalyst, noted some similarities between the plot of this stark Greek tragedy and the real life family triangle. Thus, he started to write about "the Oedipus situation."

How should parents act toward their children during the critical years of the Family Romance? How can the small child, "in love" with his parent, be helped to grow up to be an independent adult with a normal desire for marriage?

We can find the answers to these questions by looking at this emotionally charged situation through the sensitive eyes of the small child. Let's start with the boy.

When Bobby finds that father is competing with him for mother's attention, he regards him as a bitter rival. His first impulse is to hate him, get rid of him. But this is not an easy mood to sustain, because father is strong, wise and unconquerable. Besides, although he hates him, Bobby also loves him at the same time. After all, hasn't Dad always bought him nice things and shown him good times?

Bobby finally works his way out of his dilemma by *identifying* with his father. If he can't conquer his father, then he'll be just like him. He pretends that he *is* father and imitates him. Father is his hero. Father's strengths are his strengths. Bobby thus acquires an ideal to work for — an ideal that later helps him develop into the sort of person that gets along well with men and women in the outside world.

During this period mother has an important part to play as well. She should help Bobby "fall out of love" by encouraging him to be independent.

Now let's look at the experiences of the growing girl.

She starts off by being completely attached to mother. Like her brother, she is quick to notice that father is her rival for mother's attention. She too discovers that he is too powerful to vanquish and starts looking for a personally satisfying way out of the situation in which she finds herself.

Her solution is to capture father's attention by making use of her feminine charms. That will show mother!

Now, if father and mother act wisely, this interest in father can be used as a bridge to develop a normal healthy interest in men outside the home.

Raise Them and Lose Them

How can children be taught to be independent?

To start with, parents should never lose sight of the fact that children are *[illegible]*. If you do a good job of raising them, then you lose them. For the first few years of life it is necessary to protect the child from a great variety of bruises and bumps. But as he grows older we must let him venture forth from the security of the home base and discover for himself some of the hard realities of life.

By the time the child is ready to go to school, he is anxious to make friends with the kids in the neighborhood and in his class. These attempts at a social life should be supported by the parents. Don't embarrass him when he's with other children, and always make it easy for him to take his companions home for play. Good social relationships will make him less dependent on mother and father.

You can help your child stand on his own two feet by treating him as an individual whose opinion is worth consulting. There's much to be gained by asking for his opinion on matters pertaining to himself and the family.

Children learn independence by being given responsibility. Four years old is not too young to start a child on an allowance; let him make his own decisions about spending and saving. At five a child should be ready to assume small chores around the home.

You can make it easy for your child to "fall out of love" with you by bringing him through the early years without an overdose of fear. The child who is afraid is loath to wander far from mother's apron strings or father's knee. Where do these crippling fears come from? Sometimes they are passed on from parent to child directly, such as the fear of water, high places, doctors, dentists, thunderstorms, going places alone and so on and so forth. Often the child has been frightened by excessive punishment or quarreling in the home. The result? He hasn't the emotional strength to face the outside world, comfortably.

"Bring up your sons to love their future wives; bring up your daughters to love their future husbands." This was the advice recently offered to a group of parents by a wise physician.

Parents who are determined to achieve this goal cannot afford to blind themselves to the love affair that every child has before its sixth birthday. It's a crucial period, during which the child has to be treated with kindness and understanding. For the boy who is not given help to get over "being in love" with mother may remain a bachelor forever. And the misguided girl who feels that she must remain "faithful" to father may be doomed to permanent spinsterhood. ✦

HOW TO GET A MAN

Continued from page 90

[illegible]

at all hours of the night whenever her phone manners [illegible] who [illegible] beauty at offensive [illegible] and comes right back with a better one of her own.

The games to which good sports are invited are made up of married men from out of town and/or married men from this town who aren't living with their wives. Everything is perfectly decent, but except that both the dinner and the drinks are too strong. The good sport gets home on a taxi. But she is now invited home to meet the family.

[illegible]

Dear Margaret: [illegible] in her right hand. She looked so cute I simply couldn't resist her."

Where else? I wish I knew. Where in modern social life can an older single woman meet an older single man? People no longer hold the at-home dinners, parties and dances of yesteryear to which all their friends were invited irrespective of age, sex and marital status.

Not so nowadays. House parties are for teenagers. Married couples invite another married couple to dinner and bridge. If they did plan a bit of matchmaking and invited an unattached male and an unattached female to so small a gathering the victim would see through the ruse immediately and view the woman not as a new acquaintance but as a prospective wife being thrown at his head. He would run like mad. I wouldn't blame him. ✦

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